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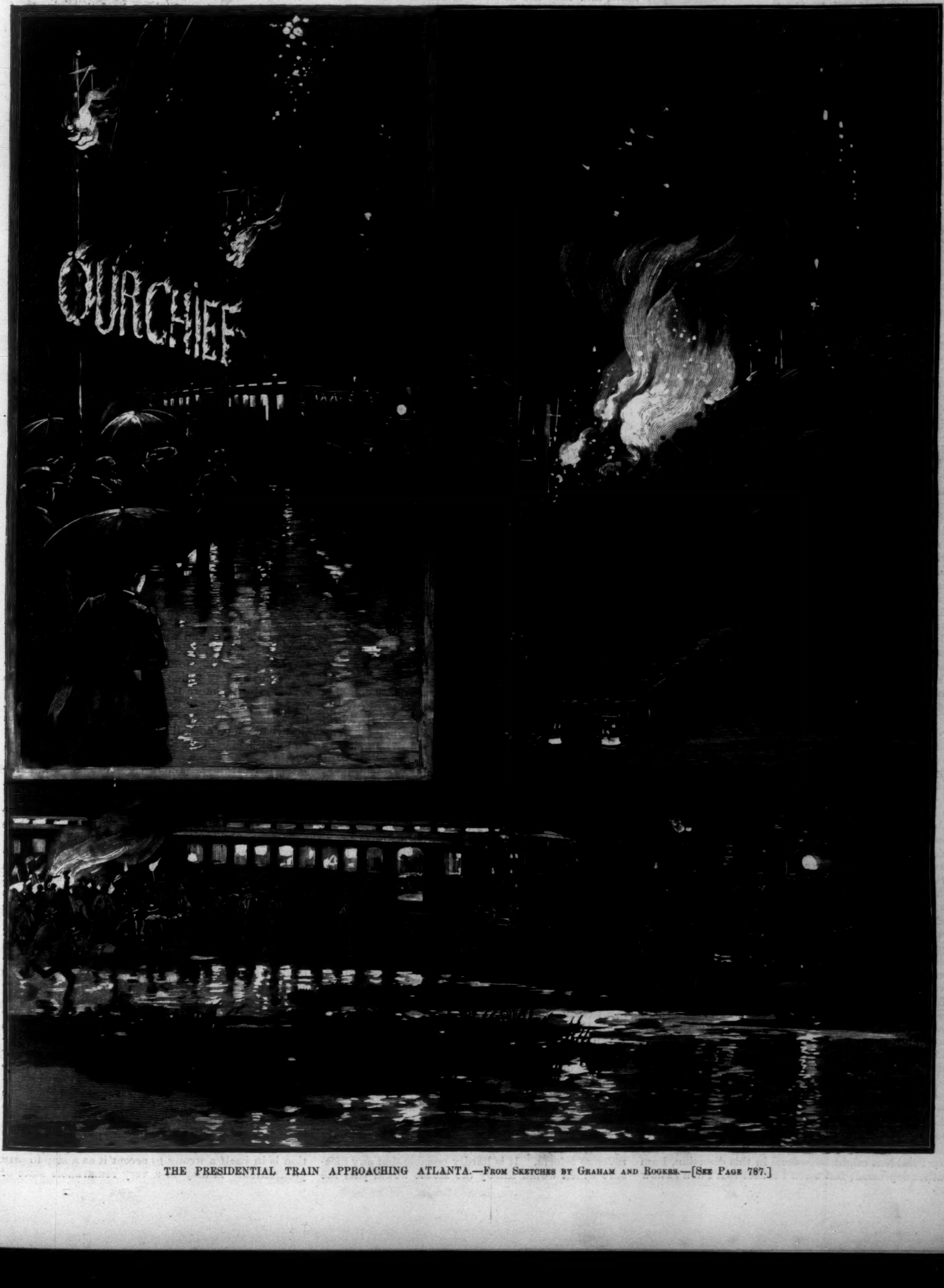

THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN APPROACHING ATLANTA.—From Sketches by Graham and Rogers.—[See Page 787.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 29, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.

The tour of the President has been attended with very great popular enthusiasm and the most lavish civic hospitality. He is, however, undoubtedly much too wise a man to be deceived by such demonstrations, or to interpret them merely as proofs of personal popularity. Undoubtedly this is a large element in the feeling with which he has been received, and it is one of which the President and his friends may well be proud. He has undeniably impressed the country as a plain, honest, courageous Chief Magistrate bent upon doing his duty. Such a Magistrate every city is glad to welcome. But every city, also, would welcome any President with becoming respect and warmth, and every city is always ready for a parade and a spectacle. The President, who is a cool observer, will easily understand the significance of his reception. It would be a misfortune if such demonstrations should be interpreted as signifying such complete popular satisfaction that he could not change his course in any respect without forfeiting general confidence. Such a conclusion, however, would be possible only for a very weak and obtuse man—a man, that is to say, very different from the President. His whole public career thus far has illustrated the truth of the saying that honesty is the best policy. He is strong in the public regard because he is believed to have been true to himself, and his hold upon his fellow-citizens has been shaken only when he has seemed to yield his convictions in deference to the ambitions and interests of others.

It is not the inexplicable Executive action in regard to removals and appointments in Maryland and Indiana, for instance, which has won the respect of the country, but the refusal to yield to sinister influences elsewhere. The inconsistency tempers public feeling, but it does not destroy public confidence. A President and his administration are justly estimated upon the whole and in general, and they are not abandoned by sensible men as recreant and hopeless because of particular disappointments, inconsistencies, and failures. If, indeed, personal delinquencies, want of official integrity, prostitution of office to private advantage, could be truthfully alleged against the President, patriotic and upright citizens everywhere would abandon him. It is an amusing trick of the Blaine organs to assert that the independent vote was given to Mr. Cleveland solely upon the ground that he was an uncompromising civil service reformer, and consequently that principle and logic require that vote to abandon him upon proof of a want of uniform and consistent observance of reform. The trick is transparent and harmless, and nobody is really deceived. Mr. Cleveland was supported to insure the defeat of Mr. Blaine, and the object was accomplished. Whatever disappointment there may have been in regard to his reform course, principle and logic would seem to require, since neither party, as such, is a reform party, that those of his supporters who were disappointed should not support any opposing candidate from whom greater consistency upon this point, and greater satisfaction upon all other points, might not be justly anticipated. "When I think," said a wise man recently, "how much better the President might have done in this direction, I am rather depressed; but when I reflect that I don't know any other public man who would have done half so well, I am greatly encouraged."

The attempts to injure the President by ridicule during his tour have been woful failures, like the effort in regard to the alleged Foraker snub, which, although carefully nursed, has been, we fear, of no real advantage to the Republican party. The palsy-imprecations about the battle-flag order also have certainly convinced nobody that the President is a rebel at heart. The invocation of the cyclopædia to discredit him has been equally futile. That the President took certain statistics in his local speeches from a convenient manual has not impressed the country as a grave offence, nor even as a folly. But to insist that it proves his mental aridity is something that has undoubtedly seemed to the country exceedingly silly. There have been several Presidential tours, and they are of obvious benefit both to the President and to the country, except in the sorry instance of Mr. Johnson. Washington, Monroe, and Jackson were predecessors of Mr. Cleveland in such journeys. But none have been more important and significant than the last, which has both promoted good feeling and typified the peaceful reunion of the States. Nothing could be more striking, or more vividly illustrate the happy fortune of this country, than turning, during the late journey of the President, from the newspapers which daily described its prosperous progress to the newspapers which daily described the situation of twenty-five years ago. A change so vast and beneficent seems almost to justify the half-superstitious faith of Americans in a Providence which specially protects the United States.

CONGRESS AND THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The serious mischief arising from the enormous surplus, and the locking up in the Treasury and withdrawing from circulation without return ten millions of dollars monthly, will unquestionably make the question of relief very urgent when Congress meets. The uncertainty and menace of the present situation are so great, and the necessary delay in the operation of any measures of relief, however wisely devised and promptly adopted, is so obvious, that action will be felt to be imperative if disaster is to be averted. But the political exigencies of the year before the Presidential election are so pronounced that there will be a strong impulse toward inaction. This will be increased by the want of accord in either party upon the proper policy to pursue. The situation illustrates very strongly the grave inconvenience of the quadrennial national election. It acts as a paralysis both of Congress and of business. The members of Congress are intent upon their own fortunes and the welfare of their party, and the country therefore must wait, while the universal uncertainty which always attends the possible change of the tariff in consequence of an election alarms business and restricts its activity. The situation also illustrates the confusion and loss arising from a situation in which parties have ceased to represent policies, and are engaged in the effort to adjust themselves to questions which have arisen since their organization.

The Republican party was formed to resist the aggressions of slavery. Without that purpose it would not have been organized. It was largely composed of Whigs, and therefore its platform of 1860 contained a protection plank. But some of its most earnest and able leaders had been Democrats, and therefore protection was not the chief party principle. The object of the party was the freedom of the Territories and the overthrow of the control of the government by slavery. The tariff was wholly a subordinate question. The primary objects of the party have all been achieved, and it now declares high protection to be its main policy. But it does not make adhesion even to this dogma imperative. A man or a paper or a convention may accept it in a very modified form, or may reject vehemently the measures which it requires, and yet remain within the Republican connection. The party is not a protectionist party in the sense that it was a party of the non-extension of slavery, and therefore it proposes no definite policy upon the subject. The same thing is true of the Democratic party with regard to the principle of a revenue policy. Both Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall have definite views of the course to be pursued. But they differ radically. If the parties really represented different policies upon the subject, Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall could not belong to the same party. The fact that they do belong to the same party reveals its want of a representative or truly party character.

But the probability of any effective remedial legislation by Congress is diminished not only by the imminence of the election and the want of party agreement, but by the fact that the two Houses are under different party control. The Senate is Republican, and the House Democratic. There are Republicans who might be willing to reduce the surplus by tariff revision, but they insist that it shall be revised only by the friends of protection, and not in the interests of revenue reform. It is hardly possible that any measure which would satisfy the House would pass the Senate. In a "Presidential year" the fear of permitting the other party to reap the advantage of proposing a measure of actual relief will hold both parties in check. The Republicans do not mean that the Democrats shall have the credit both of restoring public confidence and of averting business panic. The Democrats do not intend to justify the Republican sneer that they succeed only so far as they adopt the Republican policy. Even if the Carlisle men and the Randall men could agree in the House, the Senate would demur. The prospect of actual relief therefore seems to us not to be very promising. But relief is of the highest necessity to the country, and the popular indignation will be very great should nothing be done. The situation becoming acute will largely influence the Presidential election. The party which treats the surplus as a bagatelle, and while the people are taxed to raise an unnecessary hundred millions of dollars is indifferent to the withdrawal of the enormous monthly sum from circulation, will hardly satisfy the country by proposing to scatter it among the people. If, however, the situation should hasten the readjustment of parties upon actual issues, it should not be without advantages.

ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICANISM.

It is evident that there is much anxiety in regard to the amount and result of the prohibition vote which will be cast this year, and the address recently delivered in New York by Albert Griffin, chairman of the Anti-Saloon Republican National Committee, contains the best statement of the character of that movement. Mr. Griffin's sincerity and devotion to the temperance cause are unquestionable. He is a prohibitionist, but he thinks prohibition to be at present impracticable, and he therefore desires to obtain as rigid a restriction of the liquor traffic as possible. This can best be done, he thinks, by closing the saloons. To accomplish this result it is better, in his opinion, to make use of existing agencies than to attempt the creation of new ones, and as, according to Mr. Griffin's belief, fully three-quarters of "the Republicans of the North" are opposed to the saloons, and as he thinks that Republicans consider it to be the mission of the party "to support the right side of every living issue as it arises from year to year and age to age," he holds it to be the duty of every reasonable prohibitionist to support the Republican party as the best practical agent of reform. The present purpose of the Prohibition party, he says, is the destruction of the Republican party as temporizing and compromising, and therefore the most insidious and dangerous enemy of prohibition. When it is destroyed, prohibition Republicans will be liberated, and the Prohibition party will dominate the country.

To this anticipation Mr. Griffin opposes statistics and calculations. Compared with itself, the Prohibition vote has increased 2686 in twelve years, and between '80 and '84 nearly four hundred per cent. a year. But if its claim of a present total vote of 300,000 be accepted, the previous rate of increase of four hundred per cent. is already reduced to fifty. Moreover, between 1872 and 1884, while the Prohibition vote increased 145,020, the Republican vote increased 1,254,901, and the total vote of the country 3,636,461. The problem of the Prohibition party, therefore, according to Mr. Griffin, is to destroy the Republican party which cast 4,851,981 votes in 1884 and is growing more than 100,000 a year, and to increase its own vote of 150,626 in 1884 enough to defeat the Democratic party, which cast 4,874,986 votes in that year, whose normal growth is about 74,000 a year, and which, should the Republican party be dissolved, would be swollen by the Republican saloon element. But as Mr. Griffin holds that the Republican party cannot be destroyed, and that "if defeat follows defeat through this century, the next will find them, with ranks unbroken, under the same banner," he cannot admit that the Prohibition party will achieve the impossible and destroy the indestructible. This, of course, concludes the argument, and since the prohibitionists cannot remove what they deem to be an obstruction, Mr. Griffin argues that they should look more closely, see that it is not an obstruction, but an instrument, join the Republican party, exclude its saloon element, and triumph.

Mr. Griffin does not ask prohibitionists to work with Republicans merely to elect candidates. "The questionable, disreputable, contemptible, and infamous conduct of some Republicans has disgusted me as much as it has you;" and when "dram-sellers or dram-sellers' tools" are nominated by the Republican party, he would defeat them if possible. But his earnest plea does not seem to us to meet the case. The prohibitionists hold that the paramount public question is prohibition, and that restriction is unworthy if not sinful compromise. To ask them, therefore, to join a party which does not profess to desire prohibition, but aims at restriction, seems to us to be merely a repetition of the old appeal of the Whigs to the antislavery voters forty years ago. Restriction, indeed, we believe to be the true policy. But we should not expect a prohibitionist to whom restriction is in itself a wrong to accept it as a step toward prohibition. It may be a very remarkable state of

mind upon his part, but so seemed the mental condition of the Liberty party man to the old Whig. The objection to the Republican course upon this subject at the late New York Convention is that the Convention was afraid to alienate the saloon interest by declaring for high license, and obscured its position in a cloud of words. Yet the alienation and exclusion of the saloon interest from the party is the very object at which Mr. GRIFFIN aims; and as nothing can be plainer than that the Convention wished to avoid that result, and as Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK, the chief representative of the saloon interest in the Convention, expresses himself as perfectly satisfied with its action, it is difficult to understand how Mr. GRIFFIN can be satisfied also. Undoubtedly the probabilities of restriction are much greater under Republican than under Democratic control of the Legislature. But prohibitionists may justly describe the conduct of the Republican Convention as cowardly, and with equal justice may allege that a policy which is acceptable to Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK and his friends ought not to be supported by prohibitionists.

THE CITY CHARITIES.

THE report on the public charities of New York city for the year 1886, made to the State Board of Charities by Mrs. LOWELL, a member of the Board, is, upon the whole, an encouraging document. Many of its statements, indeed, are shocking and painful, and the nature of the revelations shows the vital necessity of a close and vigilant and incessant personal scrutiny of every department and detail in order to avoid persistent abuses and evils, and to provide humane administration. The nature of this branch of public care usually repels personal attention, because there is so much that is shocking and revolting. But that very fact facilitates criminal neglect and abuse, and explains the wretched and shameful condition into which county jails and poor-houses often fall. But the wrong and the disgrace are diminishing, and in this State the happy result is largely due to the character and efficiency of the present Board of Charities, of which Mrs. LOWELL and Miss CARPENTER are most diligent and efficient members. The very first sentence of the report is cheerful and pleasant, for it states that a retrospect of only five years shows radical improvement in the management of the city institutions. This is not lightly nor unintelligently said, but it is the conclusion of careful and intelligent observation.

In the earlier reports to the State Board by the city Commissioners one of the gravest charges was that of the control of the department by political and personal influences. These, indeed, are not now wholly unknown, but there are none of the flagrant instances of the power of such influences which were recently so common and so painful. The heads of the institutions have generally authority to discharge unfit and unruly subordinates, and the civil service rules of competition, although not strictly applied to the selection of subordinates, owing to the lack of applications for appointment, have yet raised the grade of persons applying for positions. A much better "tone" also is observable throughout the department. Faithful discharge of duty is surer of recognition, and insubordination and disgraceful neglect of duty are surer of punishment. The want of applicants enough to make competition practicable has led the Civil Service Board oftener than seems desirable to Mrs. LOWELL to exempt minor places from the operation of the rules, which has the bad effect of encouraging the conviction that they are to be easily set aside for political convenience. Besides political and personal influence in the management, which has now largely disappeared, the chief defect hitherto reported has been a want of comprehensive method, which still exists, and is due to the necessary inability of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction properly to administer so immense and complicated a trust.

As the effective solution of this difficulty Mrs. LOWELL renews her recommendation, which has been favorably considered by the press, of a division of the Department of Charities and Correction into three departments. One of these should have charge of criminals and able-bodied paupers; another, of the sick, insane, and helpless; and the third, the care and supervision of the dependent children of the city, the number of whom in 1885 was 20,005, and their cost to the city $1,505,663. A bill to effect the division contemplated has been drawn, which would probably do much to remedy many of the existing evils. The necessity of some kind of action is obvious from the steady increase in the number of dependents upon the city, the increase in ten years being 3082, and the estimated expense of their care for 1887 being very nearly $2,000,000. A careful study of the statistics shows confused and incongruous results, which would not be possible except for the confused and incongruous collection of institutions under the care of the department. It is evidence of the beneficial effect of a few intelligent and earnest persons that there has been so much improvement in the city institutions. The misfortune is that the city delegation in the Legislature as a whole is so poor a representation of the intelligence and public spirit of the city that the legislation essential for radical relief is delayed and imperilled. But the investigations of the "institutions" made by the State Board of Charities during the year, and the ample and detailed statements of the report, with the constant interest of the local members, will steadily advance the good work.

THE BURNHAM INDUSTRIAL FARM.

THE modest opening of the Burnham Industrial Farm the other day marked another step in the progress of the wise treatment of crime. In the State of New York the law requires that boys punishable for truancy or some nominal offence, but who are not yet depraved, much less criminal, shall be sent to one of several institutions to which boys of confirmed criminal habits are committed. One of the first observations of intelligent interest in penal institutions was that of the fact that our common county jails are mere nurseries of crime, and that the want of discrimination in our penal provisions results in educating young offenders to be criminals.

It is plain that such offenders, if withdrawn from contaminating associations and placed under pleasant, wholesome, and reformatory influences, might be saved to the community as good citizens. A conference of those interested in the subject, and who are familiar with the character and happy results of similar enterprises elsewhere, was held a year or more ago in New York, and an act of incorporation was obtained for the receipt and administration of a noble gift for the purpose of providing a proper reformatory. The name of the Burnham Industrial Farm reveals the wise and generous donor. The farm embraces nearly six hundred acres in Columbia County, midway between Lebanon and Canaan, and about three miles from both towns, which are railway stations. It was formerly a Shaker property, and is in excellent condition. There are ample buildings, stock, orchards, machinery, and implements. Mr. TICE, of Elmira, after careful inquiry, has been appointed Superintendent, and Mr. ROUND, the Secretary of the New York Prison Association, is Corresponding Secretary.

The law requires that, so far as possible, children shall be committed to a reformatory of the religious faith of the parent. At the Burnham Farm the children will be taught in the Protestant faith, without denominationalism, and they will be trained in various useful trades, as carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, shoemakers, painters, etc., and from the products of the farm, dairy, orchards, and garden a good revenue will be obtained. In this good work, designed to benefit the public, the public is invited to co-operate by contributions, which may be sent to Mr. W. D. SLOANE, 882 Broadway. There can be no question either of the great value of such an institution or of the fitness of the hands to which its direction is committed; and among the many good objects of the kind which intelligent liberality may seek to aid, none certainly is better than the Burnham Industrial Farm.

THE PULPIT AND THE DRAM-SHOP.

THE meeting of the clergy in the city of New York to take measures to arouse public sentiment against the project of legalizing the sale of liquor on Sunday is another illustration of the strong temperance feeling which now exists in the community, and which will certainly greatly affect the election. It is a question of expediency and good order. The experience of society proves that it greatly promotes the public welfare to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and that it is a wise regulation to close the saloons on Sunday. There is no question of legislating men into virtue, but of repressing a public nuisance.

The degree of restraint which is wise and practicable can be determined only by the general good sense. But that the one great day of rest in the week should be signalized by open saloons and free liquor-selling, in a community where such freedom is known to incite to disorder and crime, is a proposition which the general good sense will condemn. The same general considerations which impose a license or tax upon this traffic and restrict the traffic to certain hours require its cessation upon Sunday. There is great opposition and much evasion of the law. But that it is generally beneficial, and that no public advantage would result from its repeal, will hardly be denied.

In Albany the protest of the pulpit was so effective as seriously to perplex the politicians, who cannot readily calculate the effect of a movement which appeals not only to the love of decency and order, but to the religious sentiment. The pulpit, like the press, is the representative of a powerful opinion, which politicians cannot disregard, and the plea of the united Christian pulpit, evangelical and ritualistic, Roman and English, Trinitarian and Unitarian, upon a question involving public order, would have a profound effect.

CURRENT DROLLERY.

ONE of the amusing incidents of the centennial constitutional season is the indignation with which certain critics denounce a late article in the *Political Science Quarterly* upon "England and her Colonies." The writer is compared to a rancorous American Tory of the time of the Revolution, or one of the later enemies of America and prophets of its downfall. He is warmly rebuked for venturing to say that "it would be foolish to assert that the citizen of the United States enjoys a greater degree of liberty than the subject of the crown either in England or Canada." But the drollest comment of the critic of the article is that its publication in an American review strikingly illustrates the freedom of the press in this country! and questions the wisdom or taste of elaborately supporting a position which has been long exploded by the logic of events.

This is very comical. An accomplished writer discourses with learning and good temper the question of the right of Parliament a hundred years ago to tax the colonies, conceding that, whether it existed or not, American independence was certain. He argues, as has been argued before, and as BURKE, our stanchest friend, did not deny, that the right probably existed. BURKE, however, alleged that the right was not in debate. It was a question of expediency. The subject is a point of precedent and history, and the writer in the *Political Science Quarterly* makes out an excellent case. But notwithstanding the apprehension of the amusing critic, the writer has not the least intention of deducing the conclusion that we ought straightway to return to our allegiance.

That the publication of such a paper should be gravely regarded as an illustration of the marvellous self-restraint of Americans and of the freedom of our press is so droll as to suggest that the critic of the article has a very imperfect conception of America and of American liberty. He evidently thinks that if a writer should advocate a monarchy as better than a republic in this country he would be a very dangerous kind of incendiary, to be closely watched by the police, if not summarily silenced. That is not the American instinct. The results of the agrarian laws, the force of the Pragmatic Sanction, or the right of Parliament to tax the colonies may be discussed upon any side and with any conclusion without peril to American independence, and without straining the fair limits of free speech.

PERSONAL.

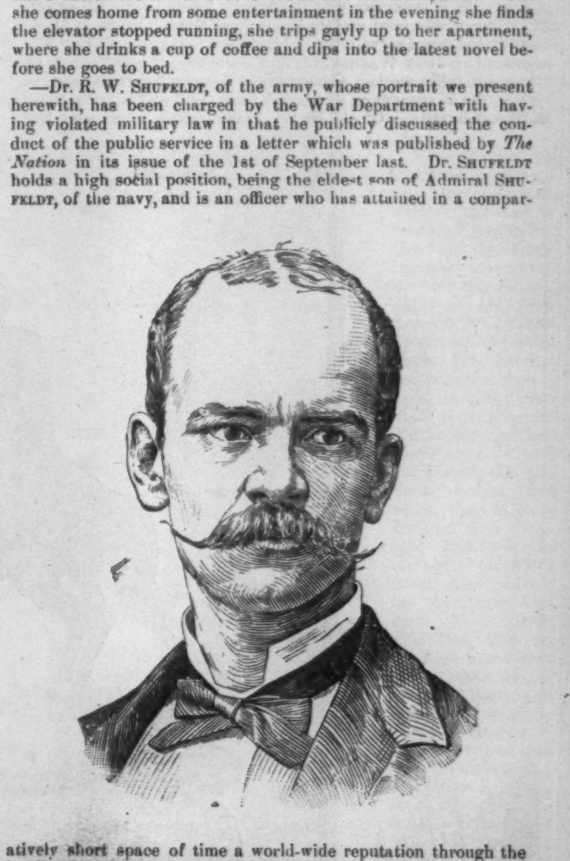
JOHN DONOGHUE, the sculptor, has just finished a figure of heroic size, which he calls "The Boxer." It was modelled after JOHN L. SULLIVAN, who posed for it at the suggestion of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, who is an enthusiast in athletic sports. During the sittings Mr. SULLIVAN did not talk much, but when they were finished, and he saw the completed statue, he said, "I like it," which was all that was necessary. Mr. DONOGHUE attracted a good deal of attention last winter by his statue "Young Sophokles," exhibited at the Academy of Design, New York. An Italian posed for the figure of this statue, but the head is that of JOHN ELLIOT, an English artist, who married Miss MAUD HOWE.

—But for the ladies of Philadelphia there would be no monument to General MEADE in Fairmount Park. The fund started for this purpose had only reached $2300 when a committee of 119 ladies took the matter in hand and raised $23,000; this, with a State and government appropriation, raised the amount to $30,000, which was the sum needed. Competition was invited, and sixteen designs were submitted; of these the one offered by ALEXANDER MILNE CALDER, an American citizen of Scotch birth, was selected.

—Mrs. FRED GRANT has gone with her husband on his electioneering campaign through New York State. She is said to be handsome and diplomatic, a bright conversationalist, and a good musician.

—Mrs. BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR, the widow of "Barry Cornwall," is now living in London, at the age of eighty-seven. She has a flat on the fourth floor in the Albert Mansions, and if when she comes home from some entertainment in the evening she finds the elevator stopped running, she trips gayly up to her apartment, where she drinks a cup of coffee and dips into the latest novel before she goes to bed.

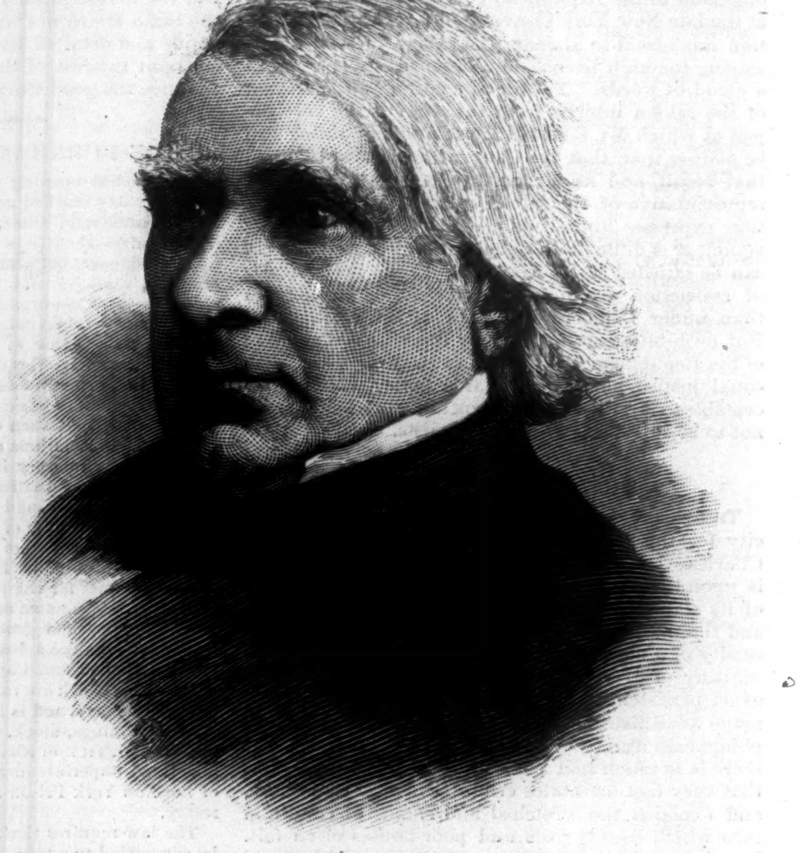
—Dr. R. W. SHUFELDT, of the army, whose portrait we present herewith, has been charged by the War Department with having violated military law in that he publicly discussed the conduct of the public service in a letter which was published by *The Nation* in its issue of the 1st of September last. Dr. SHUFELDT holds a high social position, being the eldest son of Admiral SHUFELDT, of the navy, and is an officer who has attained in a comparatively short space of time a world-wide reputation through the publication of his voluminous list of scientific memoirs, which has appeared both in this country and Europe, treating of the widest range of subjects, from pure philosophical anatomy to matters of education, public conduct, and political economy. He claims membership with several of the most distinguished learned societies abroad, and a still greater number in this country, and was appointed a delegate to the Ninth International Medical Congress, which has recently adjourned its session in Washington. His trial on the charges indicated will be of especial interest, as no less a question is to be tested than whether or no a military officer of our government can assume the right common to all citizens of this country, and discuss in the press the public service.



—Signor CAMPANINI says that he never felt better in his life, and that his voice is as good as it ever was, notwithstanding several serious attacks of bronchitis. Since he left this country Signor CAMPANINI has been living on his farm, which is about a three hours' ride from Milan.

—Captain PATTERSON, of the Sandy Hook Life-saving Station, has lived at the Hook ever since he was a year old. His father was for twenty-five years a keeper of the Sandy Hook Light-house. Captain PATTERSON has been in the Life-saving Service for six years, and keeper of the Sandy Hook station for three years. He has seen the Life-saving Service grow from nothing to its present proportions. The crews are now thoroughly organized; each surfman receives $50 a month, and the keeper $100 a month, and find their own provisions. The life is a hard one, but it is not without its attractions. It is said that as many as 25,236 people have been rescued by the Life-saving Service since it was established in 1871.

SIGNOR FRANCESCO CRISPI, PREMIER OF THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.—[See Page 783.]



THE LATE ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.—From a Photograph by Mosher, Chicago.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

Elihu B. Washburne was the third of seven sons of Israel Washburne, who went up into Maine from Massachusetts in 1806, and settled three years later at Livermore. He was a direct descendant of John Washburne, first Secretary of the Council of Plymouth. His mother, a daughter of Samuel Benjamin, was, as well as the Washburnes, descended from the first Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. Of old Israel Washburne's seven sons five became more or less conspicuous in public life. Israel, the eldest, was Governor of Maine, member of Congress, and Collector of Customs at Portland; Cadwallader was Governor of Wisconsin, member of Congress, and a Major-General of Volunteers in the war; while William D. and Charles gained considerable eminence in business and politics in Minnesota. Elihu was born September 22, 1816. He worked on a farm and attended the district school in his early years, and at the age of eighteen entered the office of the *Kennebec Journal*, at Augusta, as a printer's apprentice. Three years later he studied law at Kent Hill Seminary and in the office of John Otis, of Augusta. He also taught school in the intervals of other occupations, and in 1839, after a term at the Cambridge Law School, was admitted to the bar. He determined to go to the West to practise his profession, and in 1840 settled at Galena, Illinois. He early began to take part in politics as a Whig, and was a member of the Convention which nominated Henry Clay for President at Baltimore in 1844. He was also a delegate to the National Convention in 1852, and supported the candidacy of General Scott. In the mean time he had gradually built up a successful practice, and gained some reputation as a political speaker. In 1848 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Colonel Baker. In the old Galena district, which extended from the Mississippi River to Lake Michigan, the Democrats were the majority party proper, but the Free Soil element held the balance of power between the Democrats and Whigs, and by the aid of the Free-Soilers Mr. Washburne succeeded, four years later, in defeating Thompson Campbell, the Democratic candidate, by the narrow majority of 286.

His district became a Whig or Republican stronghold, so far as he was concerned, for so satisfactory a representative of the people did Mr. Washburne prove that he was re-elected term after term, carrying the district or going along with it into the make of the new Republican party just previous to the war. The first re-election was the result of a union movement culminating in a "Republican" coalition which gave Mr. Washburne a majority of 5000. The majority secured in 1860, at the time of his third re-election, was 13,511, the largest majority given any member of that Congress. He continued a member of the House of Representatives for sixteen years, and was prominently identified with the Republican party and its measures. It was through his influence that General Grant obtained his first military appointment at the beginning of the war, and his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and he was chiefly instrumental in passing the bill creating the rank of Lieutenant-General for that distinguished soldier. He was a member of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, chairman of the Committee on the Impeachment of President Johnson, for ten years chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and during his last term at the head of the Committee on Appropriations. He was always an advocate of care and economy in public expenditures. When General Grant became President in 1869 he appointed Mr. Washburne Secretary of State, but, on the plea that his health was not equal to the arduous duties of the position, he soon resigned, and accepted the place of Minister to France. He was at Paris during the Franco-German war and the troubles following the overthrow of the empire, and exercised his official influence with tact and skill for the protection of German residents and the representatives of the various German states. The Emperor of Germany recognized his services by conferring upon him the order of the Red Eagle. His services were equally honorable and acceptable to his own government, and he always retained the respect and good-will of the French. He held his position during General Grant's two terms, and in 1880 was somewhat prominent as a candidate for the nomination for President in the Republican Convention. He has since been in private life, in a somewhat precarious condition of health, and has published some interesting reminiscences of his experiences in Paris in 1870–71. He died at the home of his son in Chicago on Saturday afternoon, 22d inst., of congestion of the brain and heart.

DEDICATION OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL MEADE IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 18, 1887.—[See Page 787.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DARK CLOUDS ARE GATHERING.

During these troublous months in Phœbe's life matters pregnant with momentous issues for weal or woe were progressing in the careers of others who are playing their parts in this domestic drama. From a worldly point of view Fred Cornwall was making rapid progress. He still possessed but a scanty purse, but he saw before him an almost certain prospect of success. He was making a reputation; his foot was on the ladder. He was unhappy and sad at heart, and he took refuge in desperately hard work, slaving day and night, as it is necessary for a man to do if he desires to make his mark in life's tough battle. This incessant labor and his visits to the Lethbridges—which were as frequent as ever—were his only consolation. Faithfully did he cherish Phœbe's image in his memory; he was as true to her as a true man could be; and the esteem and affection which the Lethbridges entertained for him deepened as time wore on. Many were the conversations, many the consultations, which he and the Lethbridges held respecting the young girl upon whose life had fallen so heavy a blow, and whose place in the dear home in Camden Town was open for her if by any happy chance she should come to claim it. That they received no letters from her, that those they wrote to her should remain unanswered, distressed them, but did not shake their faith in her.

"She has written," said Aunt Leth, "and her letters have been intercepted. Ours have never reached her hands. Poor child! poor child!"

"What is the use of being a lawyer," exclaimed Fanny, "if you don't know how to bring her back to us?"

Fred Cornwall smiled sadly. "God knows," he said, "I would risk and sacrifice my life for her if any good could be done! A lawyer's skill is powerless here. She is living with her father, under his protection. He has a legal claim upon her which no action on our part can touch. If she herself made some move we could act; but as it is, the lawful right is on her father's side."

"Her father!" cried Fanny. "Her oppressor! her torturer, you mean!"

"I mean that," replied Fred; "but that does not help us. I have consulted a dozen fellows, and they all agree that, as things stand, nothing can be done. Her father has forbidden us his house; he has a right to do so. To put a foot inside the grounds of Parksides would be a trespass; we should only be bringing ourselves into trouble, and bringing heavier trouble, most likely, upon Phœbe."

"If I were a man," Fanny declared, "I would do it! I would drag her from that wretched, miserable hole; I would tear the hair out of Mrs. Pamflett's head; I—I—"

"Fanny," said her mother, reprovingly, "you don't know what you are saying."

Whereupon Fanny began to cry and express her wish that she lived in a country where there was no law.

In the kitchen, as in the parlor, the principal topic of conversation between Tom Barley and 'Melia Jane was Phœbe. Tom Barley, truly, would have laid his life down for his young mistress; he sorrowed and grieved, and if he could conveniently have got into a personal difficulty with Jeremiah Pamflett which could have been decided by fists or sticks, he would have courted the opportunity with alacrity. But though he cudgelled his brains he could find no way to an issue so agreeable and desirable. The number of times 'Melia Jane laid out the cards to arrive at a proper understanding of Phœbe's future could not be counted. Sometimes it was bad, sometimes it was good; and Tom Barley's spirits rose and fell accordingly. There was always the dark woman, Mrs. Pamflett, exercising her malevolent influence; there was always the dark man, Jeremiah Pamflett, prowling around to do some dreadful deed; there was always the fair man, Fred Cornwall, popping up to circumvent the diabolical plots which surrounded poor Phœbe. The result of the labor of scores of nights, with the heads of Tom Barley and 'Melia Jane very close together bending over the cards, was eventually 'Melia Jane's summing up that it all depended upon Tom Barley.

"Yes, Tom," said 'Melia Jane, "it all depends upon you."

Tom Barley could not exactly see how this could be, but he set his wits to work, and he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to go down to Parksides as often as possible "to have a good look around," and to be on the spot if he was required. His efforts in this direction were circumscribed, for a very sufficient reason. Fred Cornwall was not the only one who, despite the cloud which hung over him and the girl he loved, was getting along in the world. The same may be said of faithful Tom Barley. He had reached the height of his ambition. Through the interest of friends, and the good character he had earned since he left Parksides, he had succeeded in being taken on in "the force." He was now a policeman. The pride he felt in obtaining this honorable position in the service of his country, and the sense of importance which almost overwhelmed him when he presented himself in his uniform to his friends, would require a more powerful pen than mine to describe. At length he had raised himself; at length he was "somebody"; at length he held a place in the world and society.

"Behave yourself, 'Melia Jane," said he to that most estimable servant of all work, "or I'll take you up."

"'Im take me up!" said 'Melia Jane in confidence to Aunt Leth. "Why, I can twist him round my little finger!"

Which, if not taken literally, was exactly how the case stood.

"I 'ope he'll take somebody up," said 'Melia Jane, still in confidence to her mistress; "'cause if he doesn't, what's the good of 'is being a peeler?" A view of the case which is no doubt entertained by other persons than 'Melia Jane.

That Tom Barley had a heart as tender as "a babe unborned," in 'Melia Jane's estimation, was perhaps true enough, but he had a strong sense of duty, and it will be seen that, common policeman as he was, he had in him the stuff of which heroes are made. It is the fashion to dress heroes in grand uniform and gold-lace, but the majority of them are dressed in fustian.

Being a policeman, as has been stated, with a policeman's duties, was a tax upon Tom Barley's time; in that respect he was not his own master; but 'Melia Jane's verdict, that it all depended upon him, was not to be disputed. Therefore, when he was on day duty, he sometimes went down to Parksides at night, to try and find out something about his young mistress, and whether he could be of service to her; and when he was on night duty, he went down to Parksides during the day, bent on the same errand. But he saw nothing; heard nothing. Nevertheless, he did not relax his efforts. That they encroached upon the hours which should have been devoted to sleep was of the smallest importance; he had a constitution of iron and the strength of a lion, and bent upon a task to which his heart and soul were devoted, he could do with three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. You shall see presently of what else he was capable. It is not revealing anything in this domestic drama, which at this point should not be revealed, by stating that, in the exercise of his common policeman's duties, he did a deed which made all England ring with admiration. It is simply leaving you in a pleasant state of mystery.

His expenses to Parksides were not borne entirely by himself. Fred Cornwall supplied him with part of the necessary funds, and would have supplied him with the whole, but Tom would not have it so. His service was a service of love and honor, not to be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence.

Thus it will be seen that the lawyer and the policeman were on the road to worldly prosperity. Not so the Lethbridges. A thunder-bolt was forged, ready at the fatal moment to descend upon them and crush them. This thunder-bolt was the acceptance for three hundred pounds which Mr. Lethbridge had given to Kiss and Mr. Linton, the dramatic author, and which they had negotiated with Jeremiah Pamflett. On the night that Miser Farebrother drove his daughter with cruel blows from Parksides, this acceptance was within three weeks of becoming due, and there was no prospect of meeting it.

The cause of this is easily explained. *A Heart of Gold*, on its first representation a failure, had been made the talk of the town by Mr. Linton's extraordinary speech when the audience insisted upon his appearing before the curtain. It has already been described how the papers took it up, and how great was the interest it excited. For two or three weeks the Star Theatre was crowded, and the manager advertised that seats could be booked two months in advance. Everybody concerned in the success of *A Heart of Gold* was in high feather. Kiss went about in a state of exultation; the company were in raptures, discovering in the drama diamonds which they had looked upon as paste; the author beamed, believing that his star had risen at last. His wife was radiant; color came into her cheeks, and she visited the Lethbridges in her cotton frock with joyful hope blooming in her eyes. Apart from this unexpected turn in her husband's fortunes, had she not cause to rejoice? Her little boy was growing stronger. Friends had come forward to assist Linton with loans of small sums of money, to be repaid presently when the dramatic author touched his profits. Before that fortunate day arrived there were the expenses of the getting up of the play to be provided for; it was the arrangement made in the agreement into which he had entered with the manager of the Star Theatre. A month's good business would clear off these expenses, and the boat would be

"AWAY HE GALLOPED THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT TOWARD LONDON."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

trimmed, and the winds would be fair for the haven of rest and hope.

But that month's good business did not become an accomplished fact. In three weeks the interest which had been excited, and which had nothing whatever to do with the merits of *A Heart of Gold*, slackened, and the audiences followed suit. The flash of prosperity was but a flash in the pan. The emphatic verdict of the first-night audience that the drama was not a good drama was endorsed by the majority of those who flocked afterward to the theatre to judge for themselves. From a hundred pounds a night the receipts fell to eighty, sixty, fifty, forty, and then dwindled down infinitesimally. *A Heart of Gold* was not "in" for a long run, as the elated ones declared; it was doomed.

Reviewing the play from a dramatic standpoint, Kiss, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Lethbridge, thus summed it up: "It is a good play; its literature is of a high order; it has plenty of points; the plot is strong enough; the opportunities given to the actors to create parts are capital. But, my dear sir—*but*—and here comes in the fatal blemish—it has no villain. I must have been blind not to have discovered it in time, but I was misled by the reading. There is absolutely no villain. In a pure comedy a mild villain is sufficient; even that order of piece requires something disagreeable, something we can condemn. But for a drama, my dear sir, for such a drama as *A Heart of Gold*, not only is a villain required, but a strong villain—some damned unscrupulous scoundrel that the audience would like to jump upon and tear to pieces. Every character in Linton's piece is too good; they are all too good. There is nothing to hate. What is the consequence? There is no contrast; and, sir, a drama without strong contrasts will not, cannot, please. Why? Because it is contrary to human nature. Never mind the color; never mind the improbability of the story. Give us contrasts; and that is exactly what Linton has not done. Love interest?—yes. I do not know a play in which the love interest is stronger than it is in *A Heart of Gold*; and yet it is a failure—and a failure, my dear sir, upon assured and established grounds. I will just ask you if playgoers sympathize with a pair of lovers because they are lovers, because they are interesting, because they are all that is sweet, because they are true to each other?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lethbridge, in the innocence of his heart; "of course they do."

"Not a bit of it, my dear sir," said Kiss—"not a bit of it. They sympathize with the lovers because they are oppressed; because a villain is trying to ruin their happiness, is trying to separate them, is trying to blacken and damn the young fellow. That, my dear sir, is the secret of the interest the love-story creates. Without it the audience would regard it as so much wash—mere milk and water. The more the lovers are oppressed, the more the audience sympathizes with them. Pile on the agony; that is what a dramatist has to do. And a curious outcome of all this is to be found in the fact that the villain is now really the most popular character in a play. Presently he will command a larger salary than the leading man."

All this was very well as a matter of observation and disputation, but it did not provide for the meeting of the acceptance, and Mr. Lethbridge looked forward to the due date with a feeling of terror. Kiss could not meet the bill; Mr. Linton could not; and he could not.

He kept the trouble to himself, and all the more did it weigh upon him with terrible effect. The home in which they had been so happy from the first day of their marriage was slipping from him; the exposure would be a disgrace; the chances were that he would lose his situation at the bank; and what would become of him after that? He dared not think of it. Unconsciously he paced the rooms of the dear home, gazing at the old mementos with exaggerated affection. They were part of his life; to every small item some story was attached which invested it with a sweet and human interest. It was an additional torture that he had kept the secret from his wife.

"My dear," said his wife to him while he was dressing in the morning, "you were very restless last night."

"Was I?" he remarked, with a guilty air.

"Yes. You were tossing about for hours, and murmuring something about a bill."

"Oh," he said, "the bank business. It is beginning to tell upon me, perhaps."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Leth; "you want a little medicine."

"Yes," he said, meekly; "that must be it."

"I dreamt of Phœbe all night long," said Aunt Leth. "What would I not give to see her dear face!"

"It is strange we hear nothing of her," he observed. "It is wearing upon Mr. Cornwall."

"And upon all of us. Fanny is quite a changed girl. All her high spirits seem to be going."

"It is terrible," said Mr. Lethbridge, absently. He loved Phœbe devotedly, but he was thinking of the bill.

"Tom Barley is going to Parksides to-night. 'Melia Jane says he is determined to get some news of the dear girl."

"I hope he will," said Mr. Lethbridge; and then they went down to breakfast.

On his way to the bank that morning he made up his mind that before the week was out he would confide his trouble to his wife.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

O RARE TOM BARLEY!

Aunt Leth's statement to her husband that Tom Barley was going to Parksides to-night, and was determined to get some news of Phœbe, was in exact accordance with that faithful fellow's determination. Hitherto in his visits to Parksides he had contented himself with wandering and lingering in the vicinity of the grounds; he had no right to enter them, and it was a certainty that he would get himself into difficulty if he committed a trespass. But he was now nerved to a daring pitch, for which 'Melia Jane slightly, and Fanny Lethbridge largely, were responsible. By 'Melia Jane he was led to believe that to render his young mistress a service which might be inestimable, and of which she stood sorely in need, depended entirely upon himself. The nature of this service, and the manner in which it was to be rendered, were a mystery to the elucidation of which he held no clew, and to all appearance he might continue to go to Parksides for years, as he had already been doing for months, without his being any the wiser. But Fanny had stepped in and implored him to do something—never mind what nor at how great a risk—to get one word from Phœbe that he could bring back to the Lethbridges. "What *can* I do, miss?" Tom had asked. "Get inside the grounds at night," Fanny had replied, "when Phœbe's father and that wicked wretch, Mrs. Pamflett, are asleep. You know the room in which my dear cousin sleeps. Perhaps you may see a light in it—if not the first time you go, the second, or third, or fourth. If you see a light it is almost certain that my cousin will be awake, because she always sleeps in the dark. Throw a little gravel up at her window; you will know how to act so that she shall not be frightened. She knows your voice, and has spoken a hundred times of your kindness to her. Tell her you come from me and Aunt Leth; that we sent you. Ask her if she wants any help. Say that we are all ready to die for her; that we love her more than ever we did; that we have written again and again to her, and that we are certain that our letters have been kept from her; that Mr. Cornwall is here continually, and never ceases speaking of her; that he is faithful and true to her, and will be all his life. Say whatever comes into your mind, Tom, that you think will please and comfort her, and bring us back some news of her. Do, Tom; do!" Fanny said much more than this, and said it so excitedly and with so much fervor that there was no resisting her. So Tom Barley had promised, and he set out for Parksides determined to carry his resolution into effect. He knew what he was risking, and that if he were caught by Miser Farebrother or Mrs. Pamflett or Jeremiah prowling in the grounds in the dead of the night, he would be as good as ruined. He would be dismissed the force, and all his bright hopes for the future would be destroyed. These considerations, however, did not deter him from putting his design into execution. His love for his young mistress was too profound for him to hesitate because there was danger ahead. All the more reason that he should go straight on to his service of humble love and duty.

He reached Beddington station at a few minutes past eleven o'clock, and he walked slowly thence to Parksides, congratulating himself that the night was dark, and that he was therefore not likely to be recognized. By midnight he was on the outskirts of the grounds. He was familiar with every inch of them, and he was soon immediately outside the old house, looking up at the windows. All was dark and silent; there came from within not a sound of life. There was no light in his young mistress's room, but the white blinds drawn down were an indication that it was inhabited. He resolved to wait an hour or two, and then, if all still remained silent, if no sign came to him, to make a cautious attempt to arouse Phœbe by throwing a little light gravel against the window-panes. He knew, also, in which room Miser Farebrother slept, and saw that all was dark therein. Up to this point he was safe.

He had been watching and waiting for nearly an hour when he was startled by a circumstance which could not but be unusual at such an hour of the night in that locality. For a horseman to gallop along the public road would have been reasonable enough, but for the rider to pull up immediately outside the grounds, to alight, to tie his horse to a hedge, to creep stealthily into the grounds, to peer around him in the dark for several minutes, not daring to move another step until he was convinced that he was alone and that his movements were not observed; then to creep on and on into the interior of the grounds, away from the house, to pause again and take from an inner pocket a dark lantern, and to commence to search the earth for some mark of which he was in quest—all this was unusual and suspicious; but it was exactly what occurred, and the man peering and searching, falling on his knees now and then, and seeming to tear at the earth, was none other than Jeremiah Pamflett. When the sounds of the horse's feet had ceased outside the grounds, Tom Barley had crept in that direction, and had seen what has been described. He recognized Jeremiah, but had not the slightest idea of the object which had brought the schemer to Parksides at such a strange hour. But it was not the first time that Jeremiah had been thus engaged. He was convinced that in some part of the grounds there was a spot in which Miser Farebrother had been in the habit of secreting large hoards of money. During the last three or four months the miser had drawn out of the bank at various times sums amounting in the aggregate to not less than £7000. Information which Jeremiah had received from his mother had forced upon him this conviction of a secret hiding-place. Even in the daylight, when he was strong enough to walk in the open air by the aid of his crutch-stick, the miser was sometimes seen by Mrs. Pamflett creeping painfully onward in the direction to which Jeremiah was now devoting his attention. Lynx-eyed and fox-like in his movements, Miser Farebrother had never failed to discover when Mrs. Pamflett was watching him, and on every occasion he had peremptorily sent her about her business. He was too wary for her, but she was satisfied that he had this secret hiding-place; Jeremiah was satisfied of it also, and knowing that it would not be safe for him to search for it in daylight, he had adopted this means toward the discovery. Had it not been that it was almost vitally necessary that he should produce a large sum of money by a certain date to save himself from exposure, Jeremiah Pamflett might not have had the courage to do as he was doing now. The career into which he had been tempted by Captain Ablewhite had proved singularly disastrous; he had "plunged" and lost, and was now engaged in the desperate task of trying to get his money back. If not his money, some other person's money—he scarcely cared whose, or by what means, so long as he made himself safe; and surely in these midnight quests, cautious as he was, coming out of London disguised, and always careful to avoid observation, there was small danger of exposure.

He had not yet been successful. At first he had searched wildly, and without any distinct plan, but of late he had pursued the search systematically; mapping out the ground, as it were, and examining it foot by foot; and so, on this night, when he was watched by Tom Barley, he continued his examination. Four or five hundred yards off lay the house, in deep shadow. From where Tom Barley and Jeremiah Pamflett were lurking it could not be seen; and after Tom had been for some forty or fifty minutes observing Jeremiah's proceedings, it occurred to him that this was not the errand upon which he himself had come to Parksides. He moved silently back in the direction of the house, and started when he observed a light in the room occupied by Miser Farebrother. Some person, therefore, must be awake in the house. Tom felt that he was in a position of danger, but he would not desert his post. He fancied he heard voices proceeding from the room, but he was not sure, though his sense of hearing was extraordinarily acute. However it was, the impression of these real or fancied sounds did not remain upon him. He stood in silence for a few minutes, and then the light in the miser's room was suddenly extinguished. All was dark, within and without. He moved in the direction of his young mistress's room; there was no indication that she was not asleep, and the knowledge he had gained that Miser Farebrother was passing a restless night was a warning not to attempt to arouse her on this occasion. He would leave it for another time. It was now past two o'clock. "One more peep at that scoundrel Jeremiah," he thought, "and then it will be as well that I should make tracks to London." It was his intention to foot it; a walk of ten or eleven miles was a small matter to such a pedestrian.

He did not fulfil his intention of going in search of Jeremiah. The front of the house opened, and a figure staggered blindly out. Tom Barley could not distinguish who it was, but it seemed to him that the person's movements were wild and uncertain, and that there was in them no attempt at concealment. The figure was approaching in his direction, swaying this way and that, attempting to catch at something for support; then the arms were thrown up, a moan of agony escaped the lips, and the figure slid rather than fell to the ground, where it lay still and motionless.

Tom Barley knew who it was the moment she fell. He darted forward, and bent over her. Yes, it was Phœbe, his beloved mistress, with marks of cruel blows upon her, with blood staining her white neck and forehead! As he held her on his knee he saw these marks of blows and the oozing blood, and his heart beat with furious passion and indignation.

This, then, had been the life of his dear mistress, the sweetest lady the world contained; it was for this she had been immured in the prison-house of Parksides! But he, her devoted servant, was there to protect her now, and to convey her to a place of safety.

His passion deserted him; he became cold as ice. Had he arrived too late? Was she dead?

He put his ear to her heart. No, she was not dead. Faint as were her heart-beats he heard them, and thanked God.

There was no time to lose—not a moment. He would take her at once to London, where love and truest pity awaited her; he would take her to the only home in which she had had an hour's real happiness.

But how was this to be accomplished? It must be done swiftly and in secret. There were no trains; he could have carried her light form easily to the station, but it would be hours before the departure of a train to London. There was no possibility of obtaining a conveyance or a horse.

A horse! An inspiration fell upon him. Jeremiah's horse was tethered a couple of hundred yards away.

Quick as thought he acted. Swiftly and tenderly he lifted the inanimate form from the ground; swiftly and tenderly he bore it along; with a lightning movement he unfastened the rope, and was on the horse's back clasping Phœbe closely to him. Away he galloped through the dark night toward London!

Jeremiah raised his head. What sound was that? The sound of a horse galloping away! He ran to the spot he had fastened his horse. It was gone. "Curse my luck!" cried Jeremiah.

He dared not remain any longer. He must himself get back to London, and there was nothing for it but to walk the road. He did not doubt but that the horse had got loose, and was running riderless. Perhaps he would catch it up. He extinguished the light in his lantern, which he put into his pocket, buttoning his long coat over it. Then he shambled on, cursing and swearing.

The rushing air played about Phœbe's face and revived her. The horse, urged by Tom Barley, was racing like the wind. Tom, glancing down, saw his beloved mistress's eyes languidly open.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. "I am with you—Tom Barley. We are riding to London. I am taking you to your aunt's house in Camden Town."

"Oh, Tom!" she murmured; and clasped her trembling arms about his neck, and laid her face close to his.

If ever a man tasted heaven on earth, Tom Barley tasted it then.

And Phœbe? O dolorous night, charged with woe and pain! O happy night, charged with visions of hope and glory! O blessed winds that kissed her hot and feverish face and neck! Loving hearts still beat for her; loving arms were waiting to welcome her. The sweetness overcame her; her eyes were filled with happy tears.

"Miss Phœbe," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom?"

"You must try and help yourself a bit."

"I will, Tom. Tell me what to do."

"In half an hour we shall be in London streets. Then I must take you off the horse. We can't ride on it to your aunt's door. There are reasons."

"Very well, Tom."

"Do you think you will be able to walk a bit?"

"I will try, Tom—and you will help me?"

"That I will. I could carry you, but it would draw attention upon us. Perhaps we may get a cab. Then there will be no difficulty."

"Tom, I will do everything you tell me."

"Thank you, Miss Phœbe."

They had taken the Croydon road to London Bridge, and in half an hour, when they reached a quiet street, in which no soul but themselves was to be seen, Tom lifted Phœbe from the horse.

"Hold on to me, Miss Phœbe, and turn your face a bit."

She did so. With a branch which he had plucked from the hedge and had used as a whip Tom struck the horse a smart blow. Away it galloped with an empty saddle on its back, and in three moments was lost to his sight.

"Now, Miss Phœbe, if we can only find a cab!"

Angel Fortune was on their side. They had taken scarcely a dozen steps when a four-wheeler turned the corner of the street. The bargain was soon made, and Phœbe and Tom, safely ensconced in the cab, were on their way to Camden Town.

"My dear," said Aunt Leth, shaking her husband, "the street-door bell has rung; and, hark! do you hear the loud knocking? What can have happened?"

He was out of bed in a moment and gliding down the stairs, and Aunt Leth quickly drew on a dressing-gown, and hastened after him.

"Open the door," cried Tom Barley, outside. "It's all right! There's nothing to be frightened at."

Uncle Leth threw open the door.

"Aunt Leth! oh, dear Aunt Leth!" murmured Phœbe, and fell sobbing into the good woman's arms.

"Phœbe! my poor dear Phœbe! Oh, look here! look here! There is blood upon her!"

"I am well and happy now!" sobbed Phœbe. "Oh, so happy! so happy! Dear aunt, dear uncle, don't let them take me from you again!"

"They never shall! they never shall! Oh, my poor dear! oh, my poor dear!"

Close, close to the tender womanly heart, close to the faithful breast—closer, closer, closer!

"Phœbe!" screamed Fanny, flying down the stairs. "Oh, Phœbe! Phœbe! Mother, give her to me! give her to me!"

And here was 'Melia Jane, in the most outrageous of costumes, quite scandalous, indeed, running down to the kitchen to light the fire.

"I will tell you all to-morrow," said Tom Barley. "Nobody must know she is here. Good-night."

"Tom!" murmured Phœbe.

"Yes, Miss Phœbe."

"Good-night, Tom."

"Good-night, miss."

He took the thin white hand she held out to him. She drew his face to hers and kissed him.

"Thank you, Tom! Oh, thank you!"

The tender light of the coming day shone upon his tear-stained face as he walked home to his humble bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW CROTON AQUEDUCT.

New York will soon possess another wonderful specimen of modern engineering in the new aqueduct, which is rapidly nearing completion. A tunnel thirty miles long, through solid rock, crowned at one end by the largest dam in the world, and dipping at the other end hundreds of feet to cross a river, is certainly a work of imposing magnitude, even when only its distinctive features are considered.

The aqueduct begins at the southern extremity of Croton Dam, extends in a nearly straight line to the eastern bank of the Harlem River, at a point a little north of the famous High Bridge, which carries the present water supply, drops beneath the bed of that river in the form of an inverted siphon, and finally ends in a gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street and Convent Avenue, the whole length being 30¾ miles. The method of building the tunnel is simple and easily understood. The country passed through is very rough. Shafts are sunk along the line in the valleys, and they are in consequence at varying distances apart. This plan avoids the deep cutting that would be necessary if the shafts were regularly spaced, and explains why the aqueduct in some places passes under hills five or six hundred feet high, although the shafts in the valleys at each side may not measure more than half that. There are thirty-

five shafts in all, the deepest one being 350 feet below the surface, while one has a depth of only 28 feet. All the shafts, if arranged in a line end to end, would extend nearly a mile. The average depth of the aqueduct under the ground is 170 feet. From the bottom of each shaft headings are started in opposite directions, so that at each shaft there are two gangs at work digging toward two others approaching them. In this way the points of attack are multiplied, and the work expedited accordingly. The headings are advanced in the usual way. Holes, drilled by compressed air drills, are filled with dynamite, and the blast fired by means of electricity. The surface of the tunnel is rough and jagged, and is therefore lined with brick masonry, having a horseshoe section containing 155½ square feet.

The tunnel has not met rock over the entire route. At Ardsley and South Yonkers the rock ended abruptly, and the headings entered sand and gravel. This greatly increased the danger and difficulty, and necessitated the introduction of heavy timbering in order to support the tremendous weight of material until the masonry could be laid. The excavation is made sufficiently large to admit the walls of the aqueduct, which are at least two feet thick, within the timbering. In building a section, which is usually from 10 to 15 feet in length, through this material, a drift is opened at the top, and from this as a base the sides are carried down and the bottom crossed. One plan, known as the "bar method," consists in placing three thick logs or bars at the crown of the arch, parallel with the tunnel, then digging down the sides and inserting similar bars until the bottom is reached. The face of the heading is treated in the same way. As the work progresses, planking is driven behind the bars from one to the next below, and so on until the whole has been shingled like a roof. The shingling prevents the entrance of sand and gravel, while the heavy timbers support the weight. The section is then cleaned out and the brick-work laid, the space between the masonry and timbering being filled with concrete. When practicable, the three crown bars are "pulled" forward to form the roof for the next section, but when it is thought this operation might cost more than the bars are worth, they are abandoned, and others provided for the next section. In the other method, heavy timbers are arranged longitudinally, and braced from each other by transverse timbers, on which a lagging is laid like the clapboards of a house. Much trouble has been occasioned by these loose spots, because of the great load to be sustained, and the treacherous nature of the material.

At only two points does the aqueduct come above-ground—at Pocantico and South Yonkers. At both these it is built in a trench, and after completion is covered with earth.

From Croton Dam the aqueduct descends on a uniform grade of seven-tenths of a foot to the mile until it reaches Gould's Swamp, back of Tarrytown. Here, as it was impossible to build through the wet ground, the line was dropped 70 feet to meet the solid rock below the swamp. After clearing the swamp the original grade is followed to shaft 20, where the line descends 115 feet, and then extends to the Harlem, where one of the most interesting portions of the work is met. Between shaft 23 and shaft 24, on the eastern bank of the river, the aqueduct declines until it reaches a point about 150 feet below the surface of the water. The line as first decided upon then passes from the bottom of shaft 24 to shaft 25, on the western bank. From the bottom of the latter shaft a small test drift was run toward the opposite shore, the object being to ascertain the exact character of the rock before beginning the full-sized section. The bed of the Harlem is composed of silt, sand, and gravel resting in a deep pocket in the rock extending parallel with the stream. A fissure is formed in the deepest part of the pocket, and as its extent was not known, the test drift was driven. At about 300 feet from the shaft the drift encountered soft rock and water, which precluded any further attempt in that direction. From the end of the drift drill holes were bored radiatingly, like the blades of a fan. These indicated that the tunnel would be in solid rock all the way across if it were lowered another 150 feet, or a total of 300 feet below the river. That is what is now being done.

The great size of the aqueduct would be useless unless some method of impounding the waters of the Croton were provided, since the flow of that river is subject to extreme fluctuations, and is not sufficient at all times to fill the aqueduct. The contemplated Quaker Bridge Dam, located about three miles below Croton Dam, would accomplish this object by adding 27,000,000,000 gallons to the reservoir capacity, and of this quantity 20,000,000,000 gallons would be at an elevation higher than the top of the present Croton Dam. The three reservoirs—Quaker Bridge, Croton, and Muscoot, above the Croton—would hold at an available elevation over 30,000,000,000 gallons, or a supply for 120 days at the rate 250,000,000 gallons each day. When it is remembered that the city receives about 95,000,000 gallons now, it becomes evident that the new supply will be ample for all purposes for a long time to come. Quaker Bridge Dam will be 1500 feet long (or only 95 feet less than the distance between the centres of the Brooklyn Bridge towers), will be 277 feet high (or one foot less than the height of the towers), and at the base will be 216 feet thick and at the top 22½ feet thick. By glancing at the bridge an accurate conception of the grandeur of the work can be obtained by supposing it to occupy the space between the towers. No water will fall over the structure, as all surplus will flow through a natural by-pass formed by a slight depression in the hill just beyond the northern end of the dam. The calculated cost of this pile of solid masonry is $6,000,000.

The gate-house at Croton Dam will be set in a niche cut in the rock of the hill, and will be arranged so that the water from either of the three reservoirs, and at any desired level, can be sent to the city. The gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street will distribute the supply. Four 48-inch mains will lead from there to the new Central Park reservoir, the gate-house at which will, as at present, distribute that portion of the supply. Four additional mains of the same size will connect with the present system at points along the line of the first. A conduit 10 feet in diameter will unite with the old aqueduct at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street and Tenth Avenue. In this way all the water will be handled.

About twenty-five miles of the entire aqueduct have been excavated, and about six miles have been lined with masonry. The cost of the aqueduct, gate-houses included, will be about $14,000,000, making, with Quaker Bridge Dam, an aggregate cost of $20,000,000.

THE LAST CALL.

I have come to call on Kitty,
But that damsel isn't in—
"Gone to grandma's on an errand,"
Says her sister, with a grin;
Then this miss, half girl, half woman,
With a wholly tomboy air,
Seats herself, and disconcerts me
With a long and awful stare.

Does she know what I am thinking
As I fidget 'neath her look?
Can this damsel read my feelings
From my face as from a book?
Then she knows what I have come for,
Comprehends the state I'm in,
And the pleasure it affords her
Quite explains that horrid grin.

"So you want to see my sister,"
Says she to me, by-and-by,
With a silly little snicker,
And a twinkle in her eye.
"Yes, I want to see your sister,"
Is my answer, low and faint,
And my wits and words forsake me.
(She's enough to vex a saint.)

"*Lots* of fellows come to see her"
(Lover's heart arrayed in crape)—
And the grin with which she says it
Would do credit to an ape.
"Harry Jones was here last evening,
And he staid, and staid, and staid."
Oh, the cheerful information
Furnished by this charming maid!

"When they said good-night I saw 'em"—
Here she giggles in delight.
"Do *you* ever kiss my sister
When you think you're out of sight?"
Oh, the awful thought that stabs me
To the heart—*does* Kitty Green
Let some other fellow kiss her
When she thinks she isn't seen?

"There comes Kitty. Oh, good gracious!"—
With her hand upon her mouth
To keep back the laugh that shakes her
As an earthquake does the South.
"Tommy Brown is coming with her.
Don't you wish you had a gun?
My! when *I* have beaux, like Kitty,
Won't I have a lot of fun!"

Heartless wretch to laugh at anguish
Such as wrings a lover's heart!
Doubt and hope are in a struggle—
Shall I tarry or depart?
Does bewitching Kitty love me,
As she's led me to believe,
Or is she a flirt, delighting
Tom, Dick, Harry to deceive?

"Oh, my goodness! did you see that?"
Cries this damsel, wonder-eyed.
Not a word have I to utter—
Doubt has conquered, love has di d.
Where's my fancy for her sister?
It has vanished in a trice,
For behind the lilac bushes
Tommy Brown has kissed her twice.

"I must go," I say; "good-evening,"
And I make a swift retreat
To the music of a snicker
That is anything but sweet;
And I cross the threshold conscious
Of a nameless little pain—
Is it wrath, or is it sorrow?—
To a giggled "Call again."

Eben E. Rexford.

SIGNOR CRISPI.

Signor Crispi, who, as Prime-Minister of Italy, is successor to the late Signor Depretis, is one of the most talked-about statesmen of Europe, on account of his recent diplomatic visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. Born in Sicily in 1819, he began life as an attorney at Naples. But, like Gambetta, his genius was too restless for the monotony of the courts, and soon found relief in working with the conspirators who in 1848 effected the overthrow of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Later he figured prominently in the insurrection of Palermo, became Secretary-General of War, and "for two years was heart and soul of the resistance offered by the Sicilian people." After the victory of the Swiss armies Crispi fled to France, and there labored for down-trodden Italy.

In company with Garibaldi and Boxio he led a new Sicilian revolution in 1859–60. During the expedition against Naples he reorganized the administration while Garibaldi pursued the conquest which opened the way for the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the rest of Italy. In 1861 Palermo chose him for her Deputy in the Italian Parliament, where his ability soon made him the recognized leader of the Opposition. His policy was administrative and financial reform, and the greatest possible personal liberty. Several electoral colleges chose him as their representative in 1876, his services being so much desired. Shortly afterward he was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of more than two to one.

Signor Depretis, wearying of trying to breast the current of the Opposition, persuaded Crispi and another of the leaders of the Opposition to join his cabinet. Sir Charles Dilke in his papers on *European Politics*, published in the "Franklin Square Library," speaks of Signor Crispi as "the most powerful man until last month in the Opposition, and the most powerful since last month in the government." Now he has become one of the most powerful men in Europe.

The exact significance of the Italian Prime-Minister's visit to Friedrichsruhe is still mainly a matter of speculation. The "Iron Chancellor," as the French say, can speak with the fury of a hurricane, but then too he is often given to a most perplexing silence, as in the present case. Although Crispi has made a partial statement of the object of his mission, it is not all satisfactory. With his radical schooling and his sympathies still warm for the people, we may be sure Signor Crispi is not the man to make a pilgrimage to the far North merely to please the German Chancellor or look into his grim face. He would only have gone on a mission which seemed quite as important for Italy as for Germany, and because the sentiment of his country demanded it. All parties in Italy pretty generally admit that there is a natural bond of sympathy between Germany and Italy on account of their constitutional development, their geographical positions, and their common hatreds. Like Germany, Italy sees both France and Russia in menacing positions. She insists that the advance of Russia toward Constantinople must be stopped. The increase of French power in Africa, especially the French protectorate of Tunis, is very disagreeable to the Italians. She would like to have Tripoli as a counter-balance. Italy has other grievances as well as desires.

In case the alliance between Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Italy should be successful in preserving the peace of Europe, Italy expects that it will keep Russia within her proper limits. But if a general European war should break out, as is quite possible, Italy would expect to secure a stronger footing in Africa against the French, and to obtain the Italian Tyrol from Austria as compensation for assisting the latter against Russia. Although the Italian army ranks fifth in point of strength, her navy stands third, coming closely after that of France. Whether the future bring forth war or peace, Italy is pretty sure to be the most fortunate of any of the five powers.

Aside from the parts played by Signor Crispi, as already noticed, he has been a journalist of great power. He founded and edited *L'Epistolato* at Palermo in 1840, *Il Precursore* in 1859, and *La Riforma* in 1865. About the last date he wrote a very able pamphlet entitled *Republica e Monarchia*, which was aimed at Mazzini's politics.

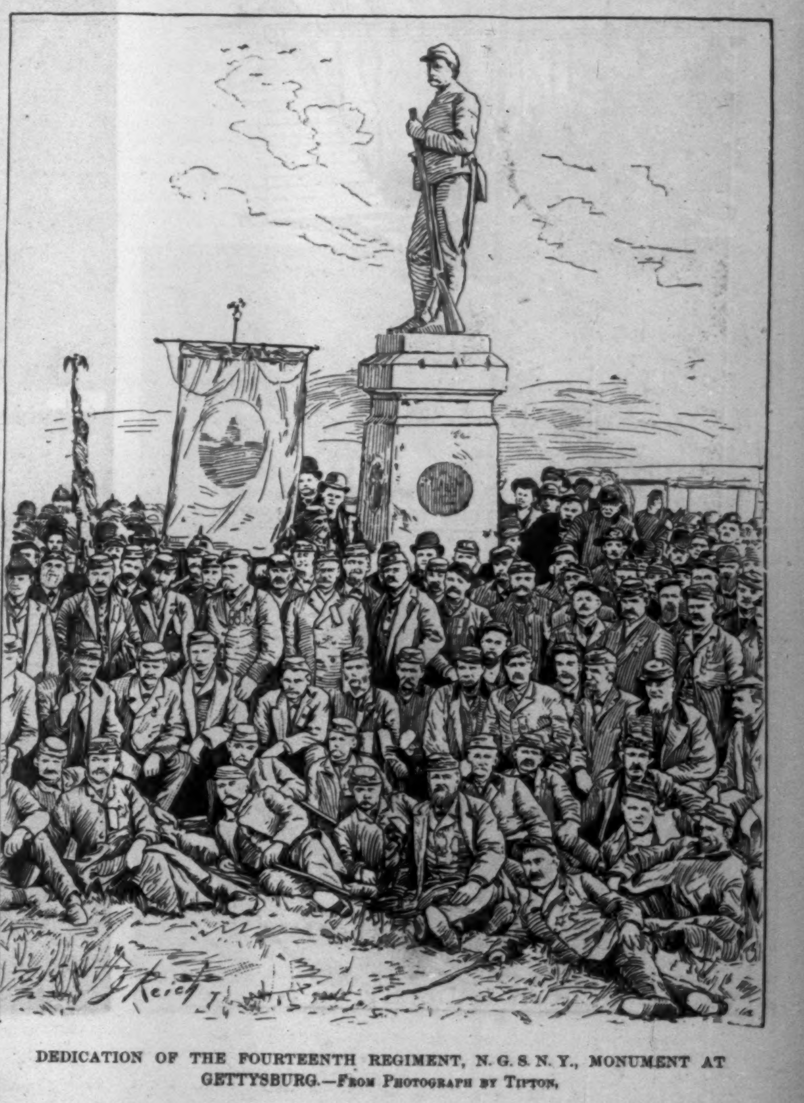
This century has witnessed a very remarkable political renaissance in Italy. Unlike France, she has found wise and generous-souled statesmen at her command whenever there was need. Considering their hindrances, they have accomplished grand results. Signor Crispi already stands in the front rank, but the future is likely to give a much wider scope to his versatile genius.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

On Wednesday, October 19th, there was formally added to the many memorials which already crown the field of Gettysburg a monument to the brave men of the 14th Regiment of Brooklyn (formerly known as the 84th New York Infantry) who fell on that historic ground in defence of the Union. The monument, which was dedicated by the survivors, to the number of 100 men, last week, stands on Cemetery Ridge, west of Reynolds Grove, and near the railroad cut. It is of granite, and measures nearly 20 feet high. The pedestal is about 10 feet in height, and on its summit stands an 8-foot figure of a private soldier obeying the command, "Hand cartridge." This design is intended to perpetuate the tactics which were in vogue a quarter of a century ago, and are now obsolete. The die has four bronze plates, those on the front and rear giving the name of the regiment, with the brigade, division, and corps to which it belonged. On one side is the coat of arms of the State of New York, and on the other that of Brooklyn. Full historical data appear on the four sides of the base in raised polished letters. The 14th Brooklyn Regiment, 84th New York line, belonged at the time of this battle to Cutter's Brigade, Wadsworth's Division, Reynolds's Corps, and was of the brigade that first went into action. Their first position was on the most advanced portion of the Union line, and they afterward moved by the right to the spot where the monument stands, and where they shared in the capture of the 2d and 42d Mississippi regiments of Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, of Hill's Corps.

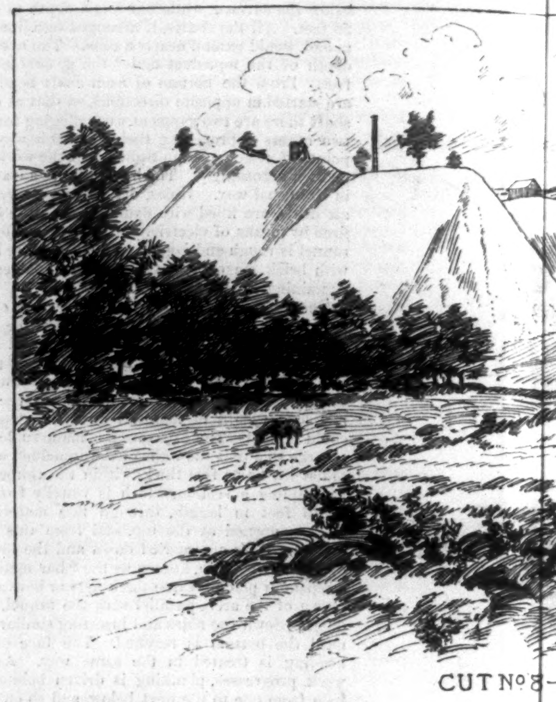
The orator of the day, Mr. Seth Low, who spoke for the generation which has attained to manhood's estate since the period of the war, rose to the full height of the occasion in his dedicatory address. "Cemetery Ridge is a little eminence," but it is indeed "one of the mountain-tops of history." The exercises included an invocation by the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., chaplain of the regiment; music; and introductory remarks by the chairman of the Monument Committee, General E. B. Fowler, who was colonel of the regiment in the battle.

Under an act passed last May by the Legislature of New York its Gettysburg Commissioners are authorized to erect a monument on the field to each New York regiment or battery that took part in the battle, at an expense to the State not exceeding $1500 for each. Private subscription may increase this fixed appropriation in order to procure a more costly memorial. This legislative action will in due time secure monuments of some sort to all of the eighty-seven State organizations that fought at Gettysburg.

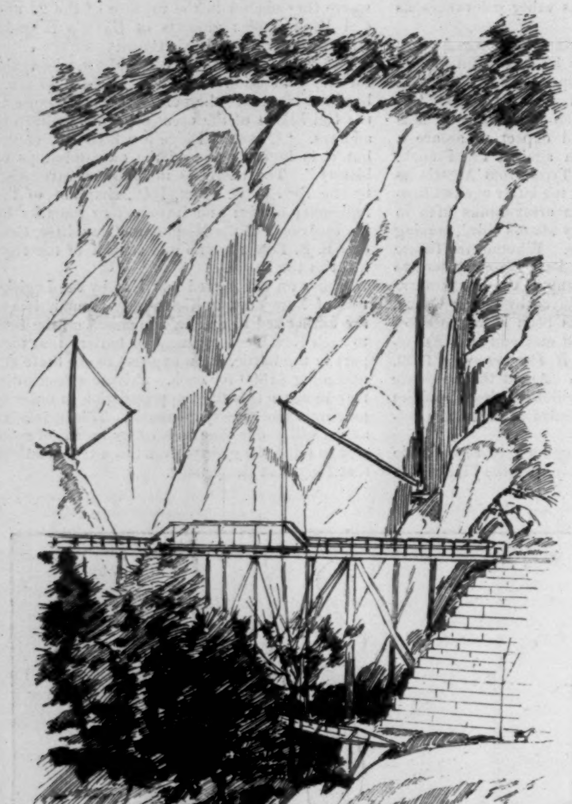


DEDICATION OF THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.—From Photograph by Tipton.

SHAFT No. 0 ENTRANCE—CROTON.



CUT No. 8—



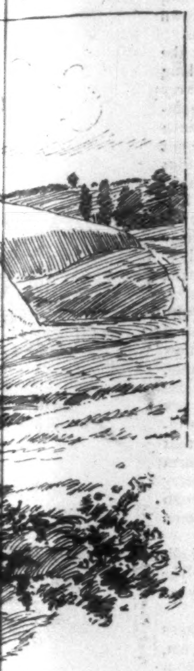
CROTON GATE-HOUSE.

WASTE WEIR AT ARDSLEY.

AT WORK IN THE TUNNEL.

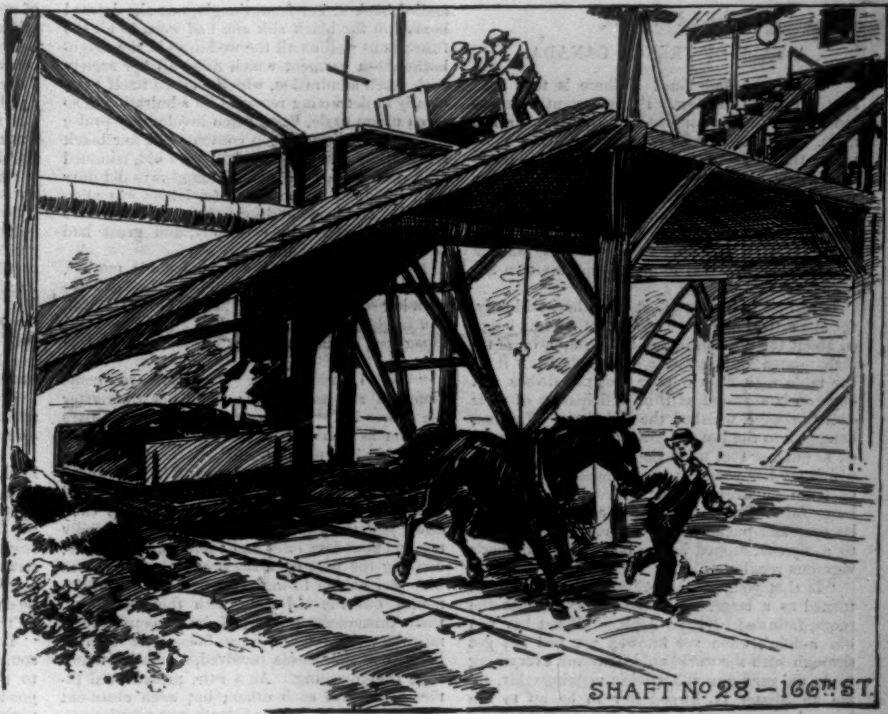
HOISTING OUT DEBRIS.

THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW CROTO

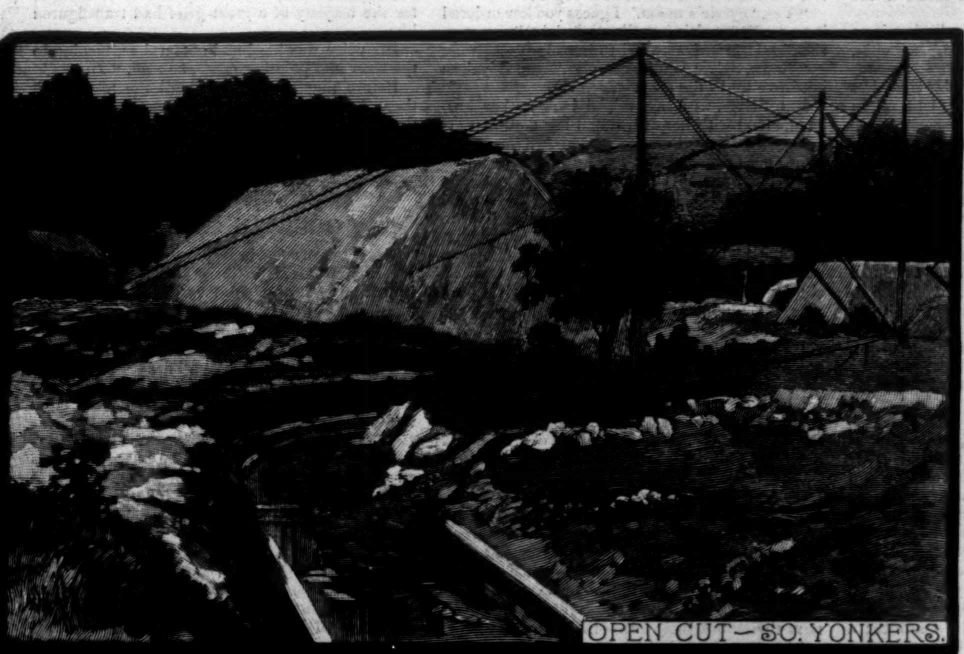


—POCANTICO

BLOW OFF—SO. YONKERS



SHAFT No. 28—166TH ST.



OPEN CUT—SO. YONKERS.

SHAFT No. 30—149TH ST.

BRICKING UP IN TUNNEL.

GATE HOUSE EXCAVATION—135TH ST.

TON AQUEDUCT.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 782.]

DELPHINE.

A TALE OF FRENCH CANADA.

"DELPHINE! Delphine! Where is that gal? Run, Alph, and call hur. I've bin wantin' hur to red up the kitchen an' wash up the dishes sence noon. Pa'll soon be hum, an' he jess can't abide to see things scatterin' round." And Mrs. Lockwood, having propelled Alpha through the door, with anything but a gentle push, to call Delphine, bustled about her kitchen, talking to herself as she did so. "I jess can't abide them Frenchies. To be ouët, no one knows wheer, an' me wantin' to see Sylvie married to-night—she my own sister's child!"

It had an irritating effect upon her, evidently, for she rattled about the cooking-stove, and banged about the pots on it, and taking up a large tin dish, poured boiling water in, and then put it on the table with such a bang that the dishes and cups on it shivered as if in anticipation of their own breakage, whisked the dishcloths off a line, banged into the hot water some plates, then turned to put her foot upon the rocker of a cradle, in which lay her youngest born, under a quilt made of large squares of blue and white cotton—a large fat baby, which had for a minute opened its eyes and puckered up its mouth, preparatory to a squeak, nipped in the bud by the mother's vigorous rocking.

"Is that you, Delphine?" and Mrs. Lockwood turned as a large, handsome girl came into the room, followed by little Alph. "What hev you bin a-doin', when yer knowed yer hed not got through with the work, an' leavin' me everything to do, an' yer know it's Sylvie's marriage day, an' me an' Mister Lockwood hev to be up to the house by seven, an' everything to be redded up. What's the use of hevin' hired help if one hez to do all the work?" And Mrs. Lockwood turned a very angry, hot face to Delphine, who had come up to the table and taken up the other cloth to wipe the dishes, already washed and put to drain, one above the other, in an inclined plane. Even that docility did not soften her mistress, for, going on, she said: "Wheer did yer say yer was? In the raspberry lot? Well, yer hed no call to be theer at this time of day, or any other, thet I see."

Delphine went stolidly on with the wiping; and had Mrs. Lockwood taken the trouble to look, she would have seen her "help" was deeply stirred under that sullen surface; for her usually clear, colorless complexion had a burning under-glow; there was a gleam of suppressed passion in her large handsome black eyes, a slight contraction in her slender black eyebrows, giving a look of pain to the forehead, and a droop of melancholy dejection at the corners of the handsome mouth. Her very dark brown hair, with golden ripples in it, was loosely knotted up at the back of her shapely head, tied with a dirty faded black ribbon, with one end sticking out; but it grew beautifully round her temples and her low wide forehead, and though neglected, nothing could do away with the beauty of it; she wore a skirt of heavy homespun, in spite of the hot July day, with a loose large-patterned jacket.

"Alph, you jess open the oven door an' see if them cakes is browned yet, for they air for Cousin Sylvie, an' I am in sech a het all over, fearin' they won't be dun in time, or be a harndsome color. I remember when Merindy Blossom got married her mam told me she couldn't get the weddin'-cake to brown a bit, an' she was that discouraged she jess set down an' cried. Now Royal is that particular 'bout things I wouldn't for nuthin' them cakes didn't brown, though they isn't the weddin'-cake. Royal is so delicate in all his feelin's; he sets a pile by Sylvie, an' wants all to go harndsome for the weddin'. Why, Sylvie's mam tells me he hez given four dollars for the ring, an' he hez brought Mr. McIntosh the hull way from Melvin to marry them. They'll make a harndsome couple, won't they, Delphine?"

"Yes," said Delphine, as she walked to the corner cupboard to put away the plates and dishes.

It was very hot, bright noonday. The air quivered in the heat; all was silent around the house. The poultry were under the shed, with the exception of one hen, who still lingered in the glare and heat, under the chaperonage of the lordly and gaudy cock, who languidly scraped in the deserted farm-yard in search of a dainty worm for his devoted wife. The cat was seated in the window, trying to keep awake, opening her sleepy eyes only at the sound of a terrific buzz, as the old blue-bottle she was sleepily watching dashed into the corner of a window-pane—an unwary as well as fatal buzz, for it recalled Mrs. Lockwood to a sense of her duty as a house-keeper, and cost that blue-bottle his head. Watch, with a high sense of duty worthy of a better cause, sat out on the large flat gray stone at the front door, to bark his welcome or warning, as the case might be, to the passer-by. The dark wood on the other side of the road stretched down to the river, and about a mile off was the Dysons' farm, where Sylvia's marriage was to take place at seven o'clock that evening. Her father, old Dyson, was a well-off farmer, his house and barns larger than his neighbors'; and three miles farther down the road was the prosperous farm of young Royal Armitage, the good-looking bridegroom to be.

It was a match much desired by both families, and Royal's only relative, his mother, was well pleased with pretty little fair-haired, blue-eyed Sylvia. For Royal had given her some disquietude, as good-looking sons sometimes do, particularly if they are their own master and well off; and she had, like other mothers before her, feared he might destroy her peace of mind forever by bringing to her as a daughter of the house one of the daughters of Heth. But now all that was over, and little Sylvia she was more than ready to take to her large motherly arms and fat embrace. It was a healthy, buxom face that smiled back at her from the glass as she dressed herself in the black silk she had worn to all the funerals as well as all the weddings in the neighborhood—a garment which filled all her society with much admiration, which showed itself principally in detracting remarks, as admiration is so often prone to do, being often involuntary praise—and put on with deep contentment her black straw bonnet, at least twelve years old, trimmed with deep purple ribbons, which always did duty with the dress at the social festivities just mentioned. The bride and bridegroom were to drive home soon after the ceremony, and great had been the preparation.

Royal drove up to the door for his mother, who, before leaving to get into the wagon to drive with her son to the Dysons', said, "I guess, Royal, you might as well let Zoël La Croix come right along too; he has seemed kind of lonesome like for some time."

"Well, I guess so too. Here, Zoël, you come along an' see me spliced; you'll hev time after the chores is done. Be sure an' put up the bars as soon as you hev milked the keöws, an' turn them ouët into the pasture."

So the mother and son drove off in the waning day, and to them both came the unexpressed feeling that never again could they be to each other *just* the same; for one of those broadly marked boundary lines had come into their lives, dividing the past from the present. The future was very golden to him; for her, much contentment; but the old days, with their anxieties, their misunderstandings, their pleasures, their mistakes, their tears, were being left behind. Each time the wheels revolved, so much farther were they receding. As a rule, present and future glide into each other; but such clean-cut divisions as marriage and death, one with its outward joy, the other with its sorrow, mark off without one blur our present, and make it the past.

"It feels some like rain, Royal, the het is so dreffle; if it wur not for the hay bein' still ouët, I'd 'most wish for it."

"It's bad weather for the sandy land, but prime for the heavy, an' the hay will be all in in two weeks from neöw."

"Sylvie 'll be jess in time to help in the bee for the raisin' for the new barn, an' I am glad my time hez come for rest."

"So it hez, mother, an' she'll make you jess the little darter you want. It does feel like a storm, it is still so hot an' close."

"Yes, I'm 'most afeard of it;" and Mrs. Armitage took off her gloves and wiped her face with a large white pocket-handkerchief.

It was a still, close evening, the only air abroad that made by the rapid movement of the wagon. They were silent for a little time, when Royal, urging his horse on, said,

"Why, theer is the minister jess ahead of us. It wouldn't do for us to be late."

"No; an' there air a lot of the folks come already. Look at them."

Mrs. Armitage was received at the door by Sylvia's mother, who took her at once through the best parlor into the state bedroom opening into it; its bureau, bright with brass "fixings," standing so as to be seen from the parlor, which was very dark, and had a stuffy, musty smell, its very coolness close and heavy; the horse-hair chairs primly standing against the wall; a "lounge" on one side; a "rocker," standing rather out, against which incautious guests knocked their ankles; a table in one corner, with a lamp on a much-variegated Berlin-wool-worked mat in the centre, the family Bible, looking thoroughly for ornament, placed in front, and little boxes covered with small shells put on in different patterns. On the walls were some family photographs; they all looked more or less wretched, and as if during the trying time had suffered from purgatorial pains. The small windows were heavily draped with red moreen curtains. The whole aspect of the room had a chilling effect upon the guests, who, seated on the chairs, seemed hardly to know themselves in their best clothes and manners. The large living-room, in which the wedding feast was spread, opened wide its hearty, home-like light and arms, and the young people wandered in, leaving their elders sole possessors of the more stately room, which had the depressing effect of all unusual surroundings.

When all the guests had come, the young men looking very uncomfortable in their "store clothes," Mr. McIntosh came into the room with old Dyson, and Sylvia followed with her mother, looking very sweet in her simple white dress, her light hair brushed back from her face, which had acquired a new beauty from the unusual flush on it. Royal came forward with a proud, glad air, and took his place beside her. A few words said by the minister who stood in front of them, the simple service was over, and they were man and wife. With tearful eyes Sylvia turned to her mother; the women crowded around her, the men shook Royal by the hand, with many hearty wishes for their future happiness.

"Well," said Mrs. Dyson, with an air of satisfaction, "them cakes is browned," as she took her seat at the table.

Zoël La Croix, standing in the door, looked with melancholy eyes on the scene before him, turning wistfully to look at Delphine, who had been lent by Mrs. Lockwood to help to wait on the wedding guests. She had changed her dress to a light-colored print, and moved about the room with much suppressed excitement. But no one except Royal's mother saw that whenever she was near him she was conscious of it, and slightly trembled.

"How is Merindy? I don't see her here."

"Well, Mis' Bliss she hez bin terrible bad with the neuraligy. She is took sudden like, an' is quite discouraged about herself, an' her pore husband hez to make shift the best way he can, an' all them little chil'ren to look arter. It's jess something too terrible for him. An' the amount of med'cine she hez took! Why, he told me himself as he thought she had taken all the med'cine in Mr. Barrett's store."

"Why neöw, but she do enjoy the wurst health I ever heard on. She was allus a peaky-lookin' gal, but I thought she wuz lookin' more rugged this summer. Sylvie looks real well, don't she? But theer, neöw, Royal 'll hev a sickly wife too; she'll break up an' lose her looks soon."

"Yes, I guess she will. She's bin pampered up to hum, bein' the only darter. Why, Mis' Dyson told me she'd never so much as made a batch of bread in her hull life: that's not the gal for a farmer's wife. But look! Zoël is goin' to play the fiddle: he do play real nice. Mrs. Armitage was sayin' she thought he kinder liked Mis' Lockwood's help."

"Delphine! Well, I wish a decent boy like Zoël better luck than that Delphine. I don't like her looks; they are sour; an' she's too black; but then those Frenchies are all alike."

Royal's loud, hearty voice called to Zoël to play, and Sylvia, seated meekly by her mother, looked up at her young husband and smiled.

"Where's Delphine?" asked Mrs. Dyson, as Zoël began to play "In Roulant ma Boule," one of the rolling melodies of the French Canadian boatmen. He stamped his foot in time, and soon all the young people came into the house, and stopping his French air, he played for them to dance.

"Well, Sylvie, I think it's 'most time for us to be drivin' hum. Zoël 'll drive mam fust, and she'll be theer to meet us. Zoël, you go an' hitch up."

Young Dyson, Sylvia's brother, a cousin, and some other young men said they too would drive to the bride's new home, and give her a right good welcome. The July moon was flooding the night with light. "Sylvie's moon," laughed her mother, as she stood at the door with her daughter, waiting for her husband's wagon.

"Yes, 'Sylvie's moon.' I guess you hev ordered it on purpose. It's jess like the night I was married," said Mrs. Lockwood to her niece.

"Neöw, Sylvie, you jess step in," said Royal, as he drove up to the door.

But Sylvia, with a bashful look at her husband, stood with her arm round her mother, as if reluctant to leave the safe well-known sanctuary of her old home.

"Come, come, this 'll never do. You jess hoist her in, Royal," said her father. And Royal took her in his strong young arms and lifted her in. The guests had gone, but the father and mother still stood at the door in their loneliness, and watched them drive away into the moonlight.

"She's bin a good darter, an' 'll make a good wife," said the old man, as his hand, with the shyness of a reserved nature, stole into his wife's.

"Yes; God grant she'll be happy! Royal is a good steady boy, an' jess thinks the sun was made to rise on her head."

The bride and bridegroom had not driven far when a light that was not the moon's broke upon them.

"Look, Royal! what's that?"

And he, looking, said, "It must be the empty house on the next lot to ourn"; but he set his teeth hard, and he urged his horse to its utmost speed.

Yes, there was no doubt it was fire. A turn of the road would hide it; then again it would burst upon them, and they could tell how some new part had caught by the brighter blaze. At length they saw it was not the empty house on the lot next theirs, but their own—their very own.

The flame leaped about it, as if from very love caressing it, taking it with feverish fury into its fiery arms, licking it with long tongues of flame, now leaping up with sudden wrath, then dying down, groping for some untouched part. Every one waited in hushed consternation for Royal, ready for anything called upon them to do. His mother, standing by the garden fence, watching the house to which she had come thirty years before, and to which she had driven to welcome her son's wife, looked old and haggard. "Who could hev dun it?" she kept repeating to herself. "Who hed a grudge agen my son?"

The men talked in low, stern tones amongst themselves. One said—Sylvia's brother; he had been the first there—he had seen in the bright light a woman's figure in white rush across the farm-yard and make for the wood. As he spoke a light woke in Zoël's eyes. He had been standing with the others, waiting, and without a word he slipped away, but not before he was seen. His going seemed to give point to their expectancy. With one shout of rage, they cried, "Delphine! that she-devil of a gal hez dun it!" and two headed close after him.

Royal, lifting poor little Sylvia from the wagon with tender care, said, "Mother, take care of her till I git back," rushed too. No tender feeling for the girl he had for two years been meeting in the raspberry lot and by the river in summer, or giving "lifts" to in the winter when he overtook her walking in the snow, filled his heart. No thought of whether he might not also be to blame, though on many a night like that he had met and walked with her; but no memories of the past were with him as he followed hard on the rushing, hurrying, yelling men in front. Now and again, before they got into the wood, the woman's figure in white crossed their sight, with Zoël following, and then they were lost in the wood; and these men, fearing they were balked of their prey, lifted up a frightful yell. "You blasted Frenchie, mind yer own business, an' let the gal alone!" But still the man rushed on, striving to overtake the woman, who was lost to his sight as he first entered the wood. The little cattle paths, made by them on their way to the river, were only visible here and there as the moon struck through the leafy trees, and but for her light dress she would scarcely have been seen. Poor Delphine! her one thought—no, she had had no time for thought; it was a blind race—for what? To get beyond herself, away from it all—Royal, Sylvia, Zoël, herself—above all, herself; and as she ran, panting, that hot July night, unlike Royal, feelings, not thoughts, came down like sharp pains on her poor heart and brain.

Yes, it was just here he had told her, as she was returning home one evening from a long tramp after the cows, that he was going to marry Sylvia—"all the folks wished it"—and that memory put new strength into her. With one dash she was in the open, followed by Zoël, panting out after her, "C'est moi, Delphine—c'est moi." But she never turned, or heeded what he might have said; the love of the man she did not love had always been an aggravation to what she felt.

They had distanced the others, but could hear their voices as they gained on them; and a horrible thought took possession of Zoël as he heard the gentle flowing of the river, and he tried harder than ever to overtake Delphine. He was quite close to her now—one moment, and he knew a place where they could hide. Did he not know that wood well? There was no time for words, or much breath left for them. They were close to the bank now, Zoël close to her. He put out his hands. Once there, she was safe; for an instant they touched her. What was that that swayed up against them? Not a woman's warm living form: only the tops of some raspberry bushes violently shaken by an impetuous rush through them. The men had by this time come up to Zoël.

"What hev yer dun with hor? You hell-hound, wheer hev yer hidden that gal? If yer duner tell me, I'll break every bone in your body!"

The full-moon shone down on the angry faces of the men, with the roused brute passion in them, and Zoël's tall figure stood out strongly silhouetted against the light. His eyes gleamed with a passion unknown to them, and awed their heated fury. He rose above them, he was far away and beyond them, a man they had never known; for the majesty of a great grief had transfigured him.

His voice was hard and guttural as, turning to the river and pointing down, he said, "*There!*"

Before they could take in all the word held, there was a sudden rush, a heavy splash, and through the path of glory the moon was weaving on the river Zoël had gone to meet the woman he loved.

AUGUSTA COX.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, in its plan, its history, and its present purpose, is a Christian missionary institution. It was conceived by the Rev. J. J. SHIPHERD and Mr. P. P. STEWART, of Elyria, Ohio, in view of the great needs of the Mississippi Valley, as a place where Christian men and women should be trained up to evangelize that region. Mr. SHIPHERD obtained the gift of 500 acres of land from gentlemen in Connecticut, purchased 5000 more, organized a colony, and saw the settlement begun in 1833. The colony was an essential part of the plan, and the co-operation of the colonists to the present time has been as necessary as it has been cordial. The task of founding a college in the forest, without teachers, money, or students, could only have been accomplished by men who were able to be pioneers, and who were sustained by the inspiration of religion.

Two peculiarities characterized Oberlin from the first. The admission of women to all the privileges of the institution, and their education in the same classes as men, was not planned for, but naturally arising, was accepted as proper and right. It developed into the classical training of women, and so it came about that Oberlin gave to three young women in 1841 the degree of A.B., the first case in this country. The second peculiarity arose from the combination of circumstances which led to the founding of the Theological Seminary. The missionary purpose of Oberlin made a theological school a necessary part of the original plan. But none was opened at first, and the time was not decided upon when one should be opened. But in 1834 Mr. SHIPHERD found in Cincinnati a company of young men who had left Lane Theological Seminary because forbidden by its trustees to discuss the subject of slavery, and a professor, the Rev. JOHN MORGAN, who had been deprived of his professorship for sympathizing with the young men. Mr. SHIPHERD prevailed upon them to remove to Oberlin, and secured the appointment of Professor MORGAN as Professor of Theology. His antislavery feelings aroused by the circumstances under which this was effected, Mr. SHIPHERD urged the opening of the doors of the institution to colored people. This was at first refused. But when Mr. SHIPHERD had procured large subscriptions on condition that Rev. C. G. FINNEY should become Professor of Theology, when neither he nor MORGAN would serve unless the institution should be opened to colored students, and when, finally, SHIPHERD, the founder of the whole enterprise, declined to proceed with the work except under the same condition, the trustees and colony yielded, and the education of colored people at Oberlin became a possibility. It was at first no more, but the result of the negotiations was the founding of the seminary, with thirty-five students and these famous men as teachers—and a vast deal of undeserved odium against the college. Colored students finally came, and have generally averaged about five per cent. of the whole number.

Mr. FINNEY was in the maturity of his powers and influence, a man of note, a famous evangelist, a New York pastor in an important position, when he thus joined his fortunes with the infant institution. His coming gave an evangelistic type to its religious life, and thus established its character, while the help of Messrs. ARTHUR and LEWIS TAPPAN, with other wealthy New York merchants, gave it its pecuniary foundation. Oberlin is thus in a large sense the child of New York. Founded upon principles which commended themselves to the Christian public, and equipped

with men of the first quality and of commanding reputation, Oberlin began a steady and uninterrupted growth. In the first catalogue we find 101 students recorded. The following year there are 276. After ten years, 545; after twenty, 1305. The numbers have remained at about the last point since then, rising, however, in 1883–4 to 1474. The number registered in the last catalogue is 1322, with a faculty of instruction numbering forty-eight. The steady development of the College in facilities is, however, more significant than its mere increase in numbers. It early aimed to make its course as broad and thorough as the typical New England college. In 1839 it taught a course of almost exactly the same extent as Yale. Since then it has extended its facilities as fast as its means have allowed. The Oberlin of the present day is a University comprising the following departments: a Theological Seminary, a College, a Ladies' Seminary, a Library, a Conservatory of Music, a Classical Preparatory School, and an English School. The Conservatory, established in 1865, has several courses of three to five years each which require the mastery of not less than three of the principal departments of music: Singing, Piano-forte, Organ, Violin, Theory of Music, Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Fugue, and Composition. The Library is rapidly growing to the proportions of a great library; it numbers at present about 20,000 volumes.

The more than 20,000 Oberlin students are largely teachers, or ministers, or obscure workers in the hard places where good service is more needed than easy to obtain. Men eminent at the bar, or in public life, or in governmental positions, or on the records of the army are, however, not unknown among them. Oberlin's theology has been liberal, but orthodox. Its interest in the great practical movements of the times has been strong. Its services in the antislavery epoch, against intemperance, and in the war for the Union are too well known to need mention here. As the pioneer in the education of woman it has had the privilege to help equip with women professors more than one female college. As a pioneer in the West it has furnished the model for a majority of the newer colleges of the country, and given the men for many of their chairs. It is entering, with its second half-century, upon an era of greater power and opportunity. The pictures on page 789 show something of its equipment.

OFF THE SIBERIAN COAST.

The United States steamer *Bear*, Captain M. A. Healy, after a cruise off the Alaskan coast, in the Behring Sea, and the Siberian coast, has recently arrived at San Francisco, having on board James B. Vincent, who formed part of the crew of the ill-fated whaling bark *Napoleon*. In May, 1885, the bark was wrecked on an ice-floe forty miles from Cape Navarin, on the Siberian coast. Of thirty-six men who took to the four boats, all died of cold and starvation excepting Vincent. Some few of the crew, with Vincent, succeeded in reaching the land, but Vincent's comrades all succumbed. The survivor thus describes some of the privations of the party: "The ice closed around us, and we were compelled to stay there twenty-six days. We had no provisions on the boats from the ship at all. We caught two small seals which lasted us for five days, and that is all we eighteen men had to live on the whole time. The crews suffered severely from hunger, frost bites, and exhaustion. During the twenty-six days on the ice nine of our number died—two in my boat, and seven in the other. Our chief mate, Wilson Rogers, went crazy, and we were compelled to tie him. At the close of the twenty-sixth day the ice separated and allowed us to get to land, which we did with great difficulty, all being thoroughly exhausted. On the 10th of June, thirty-six days from the time of leaving the wrecked ship, we landed at an Indian village." The natives of the coast took good care of Vincent, and in the two years he lived with them they seem to have done the best they could for him. The shipwrecked sailor tried to communicate with such occasional whalers as might be cruising off the inhospitable coast, and in 1886 some intimation that there was an American seaman among the natives seems to have reached the United States. Vincent cut with a knife on a board some rather vague characters, apparently offering a reward of tobacco to whoever would carry the facts of his whereabouts to the coast north of Cape Navarin, and an Indian took this board to Cape Behring, 250 miles distant, where it came into the hands of Captain Logan, of the whaling bark *Hunter*. At once the facts were imparted to Captain Healy at Port Clarence, and the *Bear* started for Cape Navarin, and boating parties under Lieutenants Hamlet and Kennedy were instructed to search for Vincent. Vincent was found in July last. To aid in the search a native called Rainbow, who was one of the crew of a steam-whaler, and another Indian, Warpuco, were engaged to act as guide and interpreter. For the good treatment Vincent had received from the hands of the natives they were liberally rewarded. The tribe who cared for Vincent were known as the Chow Chuans, or Deer Indians.

On leaving Oonalaska, July 1st, the *Bear* touched at the islands along the coast, and on the 6th anchored at St. Michaels. Here was arrested Frank Fuller, the murderer of Archbishop Seghers. Fuller, who was from Portland, Oregon, was the companion and servant of the Bishop, and the murder took place November, 1886, on the Yukon River, 500 miles from its mouth. Bishop Seghers was Catholic Archbishop of Oregon and Washington, and was performing missionary work at the time. There is some reason to suppose, from a note-book left by the unfortunate missionary, that he entertained some doubts as to the sanity of Fuller.

Lieutenant C. D. Kennedy, U.S.N., is among the first who has taken photographs of the natives living on that portion of the coast near Cape Navarin, and such pictures as he has brought with him will be a great help in studying not alone the ethnology, but the physical aspect, of this portion of the Siberian coast. From these photographs the engravings in the present number are taken. The dress of the natives shows the arctic characteristics, and the use of furs is a necessity. Winters are long and severe, and summers short. Leaning against one of the skin tents may be noticed the sleds to which the reindeer are harnessed. In that terrible record of human suffering which has been left us by the survivors of the ill-fated *Jeannette* a good idea can be had of native life and the habits of the people. Apparently the intense cold of the long winters always leaves its effects, for the ground remains frozen during the summer some few feet below the surface. The endurance of the natives is remarkable. The struggle for existence never ceases, for it is colder on the Asiatic side in the same latitude than on the American side. The effects of the warm currents born in China seas are deflected, and do not tend to soften the rigors of the Siberian winter. Subdued, as it were, by climatic influences, the natives of the Siberian coast are less warlike or aggressive than those of Alaska. For impassive grandeur these arctic capes are singularly imposing. Sad and dreary must be Cape Navarin, stretching with its snow-covered flanks into the sombre icy sea.

THE MEADE STATUE.

On Tuesday, October 18th, a bronze equestrian statue of Major-General George Gordon Meade, commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac from June 27, 1863, through the battle of Gettysburg, and onward through all the campaigns of that army to the end of its career, was unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The statue, the work of A. M. Calder, cast by the H. Bonnard Company of New York, is spirited and graceful in pose, presenting the famous soldier checking his horse and acknowledging a salute, hat in hand. It is of heroic size, mounted on a rough granite pedestal about twenty feet high, and cost about $30,000.

The parade, which formed at Broad Street and marched through Girard Avenue to the Park, was under the marshalship of Colonel J. C. Biddle, formerly of Meade's staff, with many aids, and with the City Troop as escort. It comprised four divisions. The first consisted of survivors of the Pennsylvania Reserves and of the 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, of which Meade was Colonel in 1861. The second comprised many Grand Army posts of Pennsylvania, with others of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. Then came the First Brigade of Pennsylvania National Guard, including three regiments and some smaller organizations. The Sons of Veterans, Soldiers' Orphans Cadets, Graduates of Lincoln Institution, and Girard College Cadets formed the last division. There was a notable gathering also of distinguished officers of the volunteer army, including Generals Gibbon, F. J. Porter, Franklin, Newton, Hunt, Webb, Drum, Hartranft, Willcox, Tidball, Chamberlain, Fairchild, Fry, Gregg, L. A. Grant, Walker, Judge Rea, and many others, including several members of General Meade's staff, and ex-President Hayes, Governors Beaver and Green, and Admiral Jenkins.

Probably 20,000 people assembled near the statue to witness the ceremonies. After a prayer by Bishop Whitehead, of Pittsburgh, and the singing of the hymn "My Country," Mayor Fitler introduced Hon. B. H. Brewster, who presented the statue to Hon. G. H. Boker, representing the Park Commission, and then, amid tumultuous cheering, it was unveiled by the grandsons of the General, Masters G. G. Meade and G. G. M. Large. The address was by General John Gibbon, U.S.A., who noted that Meade, as a subaltern of engineers, had never commanded even a company up to the outbreak of the civil war, yet in a little more than two years received charge of the largest of the Union armies. General Gibbon traced the salient features of this merited rise, largely due to sound military education, good judgment, tact in governing men, and clear knowledge of the art of war. This latter had become evident, General Gibbon said, from Meade's views expressed at the second battle of Manassas. General Gibbon also praised the conduct of Meade at Gettysburg, defended him from the criticisms which have been made upon his purposes and orders in that memorable engagement, and added a fervent tribute to his estimable and noble character as a citizen. After the exercises there were evening receptions and banquets. The tomb of the illustrious soldier, whose fame is forever interlinked with that of Gettysburg, the most renowned of the battles which the New World has witnessed, is on the brow of Laurel Hill, overlooking the Schuylkill.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

Continuing from the last number of the Weekly our story of President Cleveland's tour through the West and South, we have first to record that, leaving Kansas City on the night of October 13th, he reached West Memphis the following afternoon, and there taking the boat, passed the entire city front of Memphis to see the bluffs crowded with cheering people, and then landing, proceeded to the Gayoso Hotel. There a reception was held in the evening, while fireworks were displayed on the river-front. On Saturday morning, the 15th, the party was escorted through the decorated streets to Court Square, where Judge Ellett welcomed him. Mr. Cleveland, while appropriately responding, was interrupted by the sudden illness of Judge Ellett, which, as was subsequently learned, quickly resulted in his death. Meanwhile the President had been taken to the Merchants' Exchange, where a very enthusiastic public reception was held.

On the road to Nashville crowds gathered at the larger towns to see the train go by, and there were bonfires in the evening. Six miles short of Nashville the train reached Belle Meade, where General W. H. Jackson and his brother, ex-Senator and Judge Jackson, met it, the former taking away Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Colonel Lamont as his guests till Monday, while Mr. and Mrs. Vilas, Dr. Bryant, and Mr. Bissell accompanied the ex-Senator, and the remainder of the party went on to the Maxwell House in Nashville. Thanks to the delightful hospitality of the famous Belle Mead stock farm, Sunday was a red-letter day in the trip. The President made the acquaintance of Uncle Bob Harding, the colored functionary at the renowned stables, and strolled over the fine sward and among the splendid oaks and the ash. While he was admiring the beauties of the extensive deer park a drove of more than two hundred fine deer dashed by. After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland with General Jackson drove to Nashville to pay their respects to the widow of President Polk. Monday morning the formal reception of the President at Nashville took place. A procession was formed, and upon the public square a lady presented a wreath, while Mrs. Cleveland, who was holding a reception at the Maxwell House, received many floral tributes. On Capitol Hill the President made a reply to the welcoming speech of Governor Taylor.

Chattanooga, the next point reached, was handsomely decorated, and in spite of the rain the streets were crowded with people during the brief drive of the President through the town. Drenching rain, too, was found at Atlanta, which the President reached that night; but when the artillery at distant Kennesaw announced the approach of the train, the streets of Atlanta filled with people, who shouted with an enthusiasm that the downpour did not quench. Escorted by military companies under General P. M. B. Young and staff, the party went to the Kimball House. On Tuesday the President, after meeting official personages at the Capitol, was formally welcomed at Piedmont Park by H. W. Grady, Vice-President of the Atlanta Exposition there held. Mr. Cleveland replied, and Governor Gordon also briefly spoke. An inspection of the fair, a lunch at the Driving Club, and a dinner at Governor Gordon's followed, while the evening reception was at the Capitol City Club. The city was crowded with multitudes from all parts of Georgia and neighboring States, and when the hotel corridors were filled, even the churches had to be opened at night to accommodate the strangers who could find no other place to sleep in, empty freight cars, billiard tables, and barbers' chairs having already been utilized as beds.

The drenching rain of Tuesday continued through the next day, but the multitudes cheerfully braved it as the flower-decked carriages, with their escort of the Governor's Horse-Guards, drove through the muddy streets. At the race track various military bodies gave a review and sham battle in honor of the President. Mr. Cleveland lunched at half past two at Mr. Julius L. Brown's, and Mrs. Cleveland at Mrs. H. W. Grady's. A torch-light procession of Democrats, with fireworks, enlivened the rainy evening, and at midnight, after a public reception at Governor Gordon's, the President's party, amid the roar of artillery and great cheering, started for Montgomery.

Alabama's capital was reached at eight o'clock Thursday morning, and carriages took the guests to their hotel, where Senators Pugh and Morgan and other official persons greeted them, and where they reviewed the march of the military escort. A silver jewel case, made in the form of a bale of cotton, was given to Mrs. Cleveland by Mayor Reese and the City Council, and then the party rode to the Fair Grounds, where, in the presence of nearly 20,000 people, the President was welcomed by Governor Seay, and made an appropriate reply.

Then at one o'clock the homeward journey was begun. As the train passed through Georgia and the Carolinas the people assembled at the way-stations, crowds cheering and bands playing by day, and pine knots and torches blazing by night. Saturday morning, October 22d, found the President back in Washington.

IMPRESSIONS OF OUR BASE-BALL ARTIST.

The "Filly" a close Second.

Chicago Third, but still Kicking.

New York's ex-Captain's Greatest Catch of the Season.

"They come High, but we must have 'em."

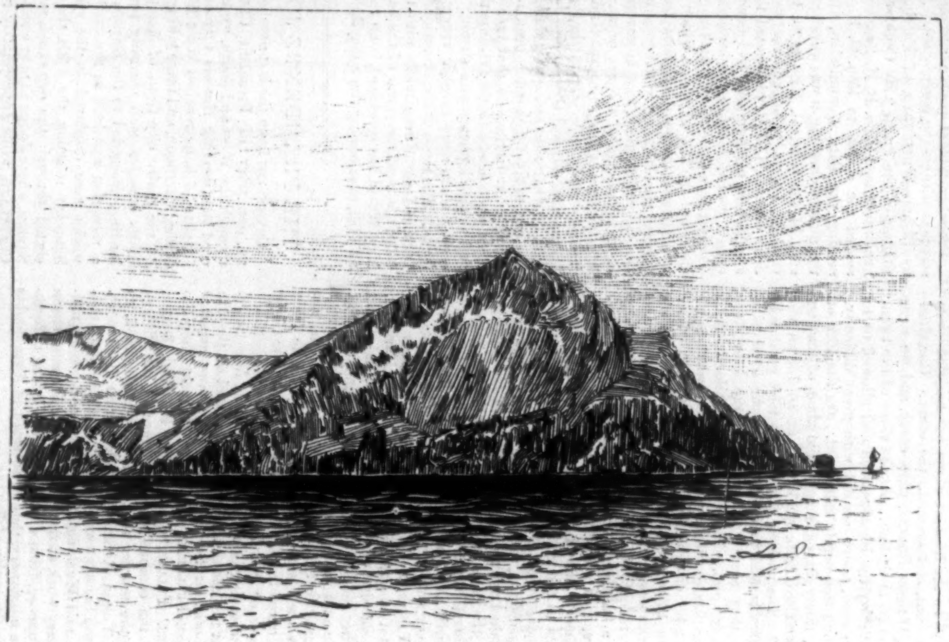
Detroit.

St. Louis's Man in Motley.

FRANK FULLER.

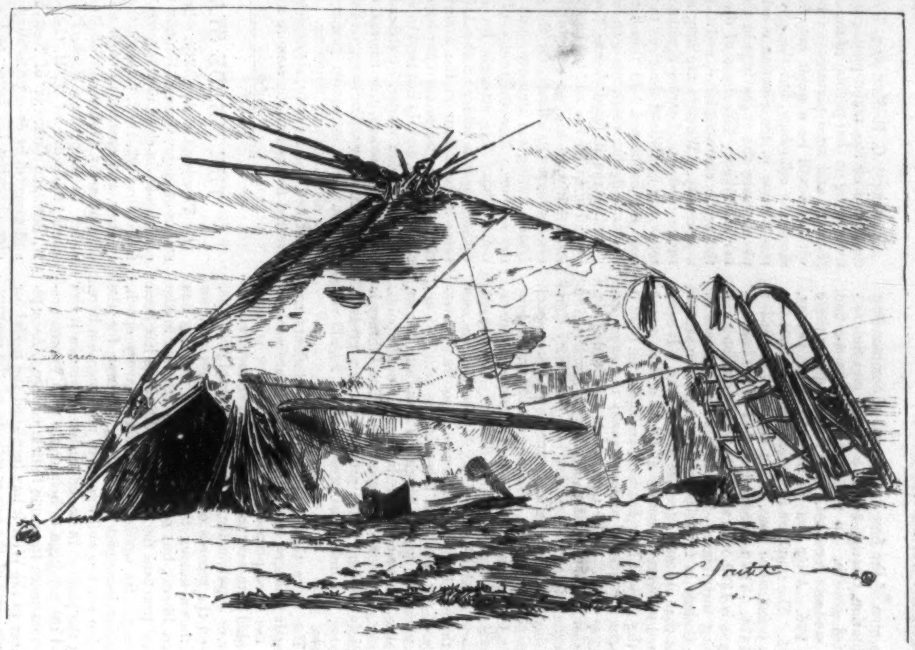
GROUP OF SIBERIAN INDIANS.

J. B. VINCENT AS HE APPEARED WHEN RESCUED.



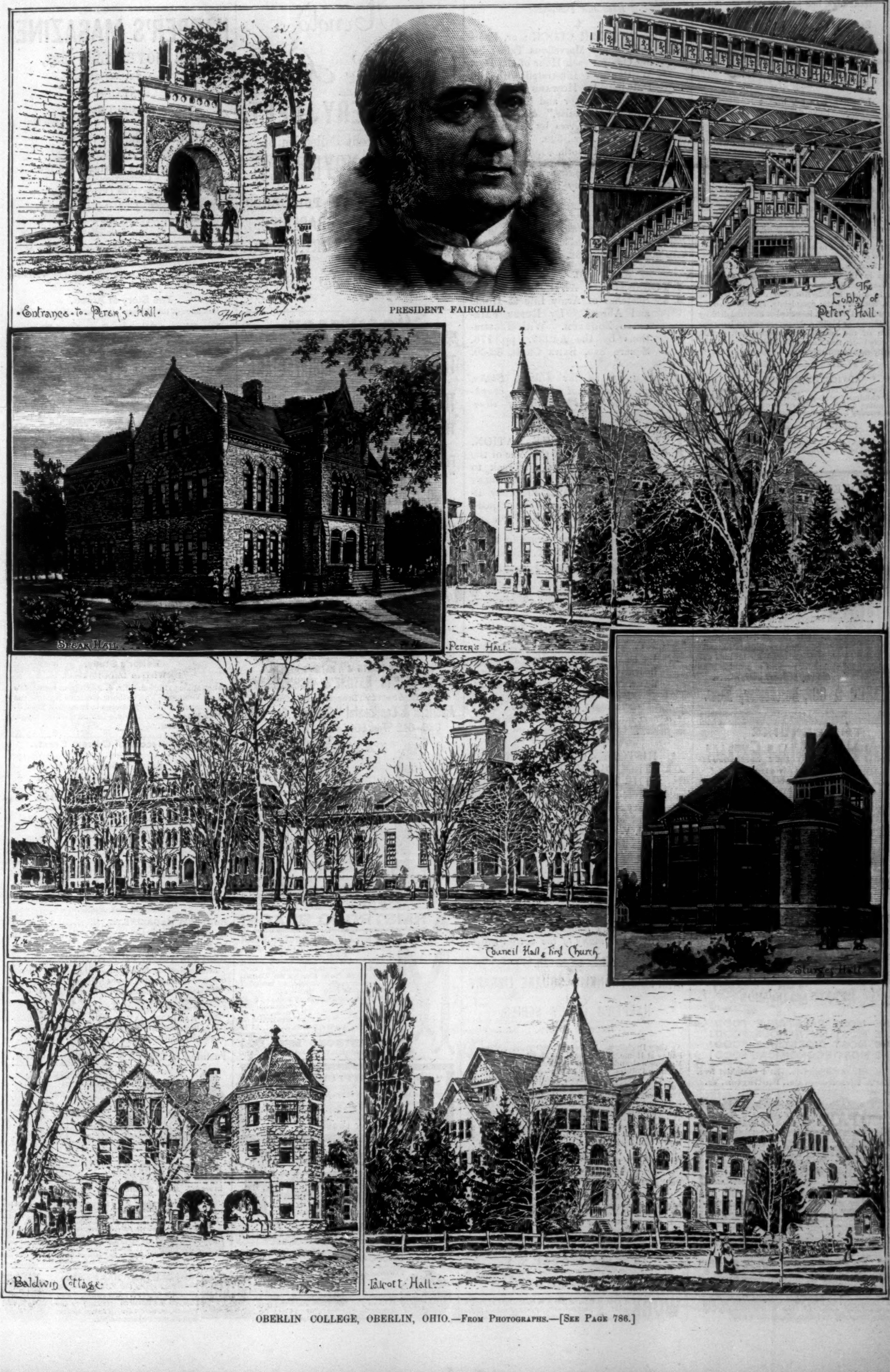
CAPE NAVARIN, SIBERIA.

"WARPUCO" AND "RAINBOW," GUIDE AND INTERPRETER.



NATIVE HOUSE NEAR CAPE NAVARIN.

SKETCHES ON THE COAST OF SIBERIA.—From Photographs by Lieutenant C. D. Kennedy, U.S.N.—[See Page 787.]



OBERLIN COLLEGE, OBERLIN, OHIO.—From Photographs.—[See Page 786.]

A LESSON MISCONSTRUED.

Her ways, her mother said,
Were bold;
Her manner quite ill-bred,
I'm told.

"So bold you are, indeed,"
Said she,
"Repressed I fear you need
To be."

I held her to my breast
Next day:
I think she was re-pressed
That way.

ELLIOTT FLOWER.

HIDEOUS IN EVERY GUISE,

Whether it be the best-known form, chills and fever, or else bilious remittent, double ague or ague cake, is that abominable disorder involving the liver, the bowels, and the kidneys, known as malaria. Every complaint classified under this generic, through erroneous appellation, is destructive of the nervous system, but is, unhappily, not to be subdued, or even checked, by the use of ordinary nervines, febrifuges, or tonics. There is, however, prompt relief and ultimate cure to be found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, foremost among the proprietary remedies of America, and widely known in other lands. Not only diseases born of miasma, but rheumatic complaints, superinduced by exposure in bad weather, inherited or incurred debility of the kidneys or bladder, dyspepsia and an irregular condition of the bowels, are curable—nay, certain to be cured—by this deservedly esteemed and professionally sanctioned corrective.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

THE FAVORITE
TONIC and NUTRIENT,
recommended by Physicians since 1847, for
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, NURSING MOTHERS and LUNG troubles.
The *genuine* has the signature of
JOHANN HOFF AND MORITZ EISNER
on the neck of every bottle.
EISNER & MENDELSON CO., PHILA.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.
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THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD!
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD!
THE MOST DIGESTIBLE FOOD!
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25c., 50c., $1.—At Druggists.—Ill'd Pamphlet free.
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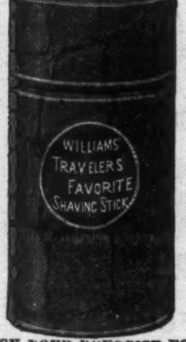

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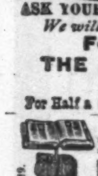

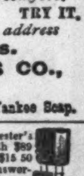

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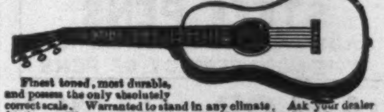

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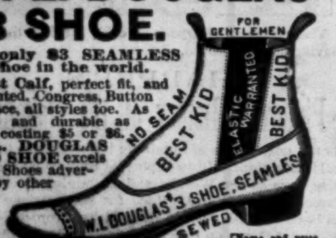

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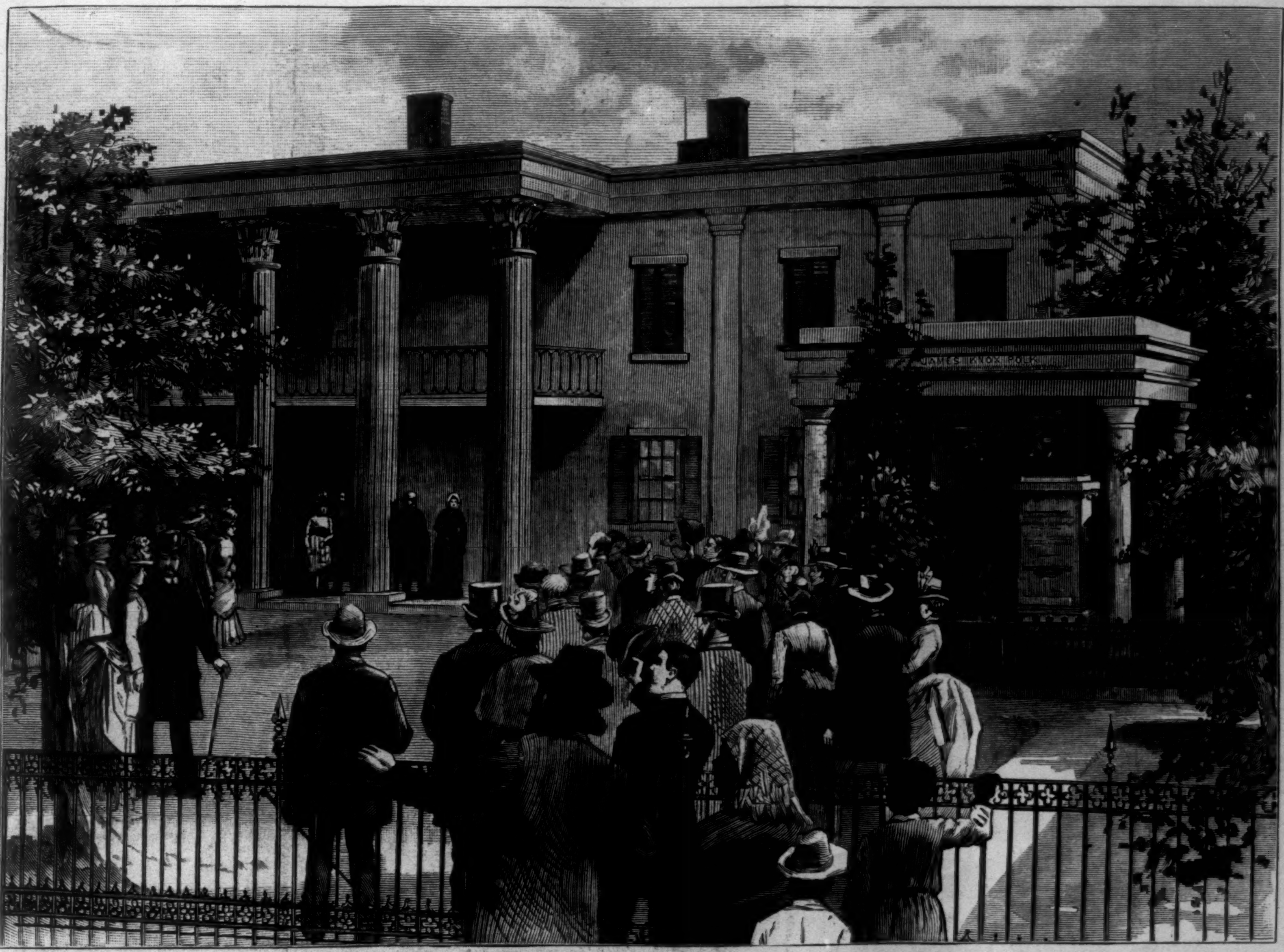
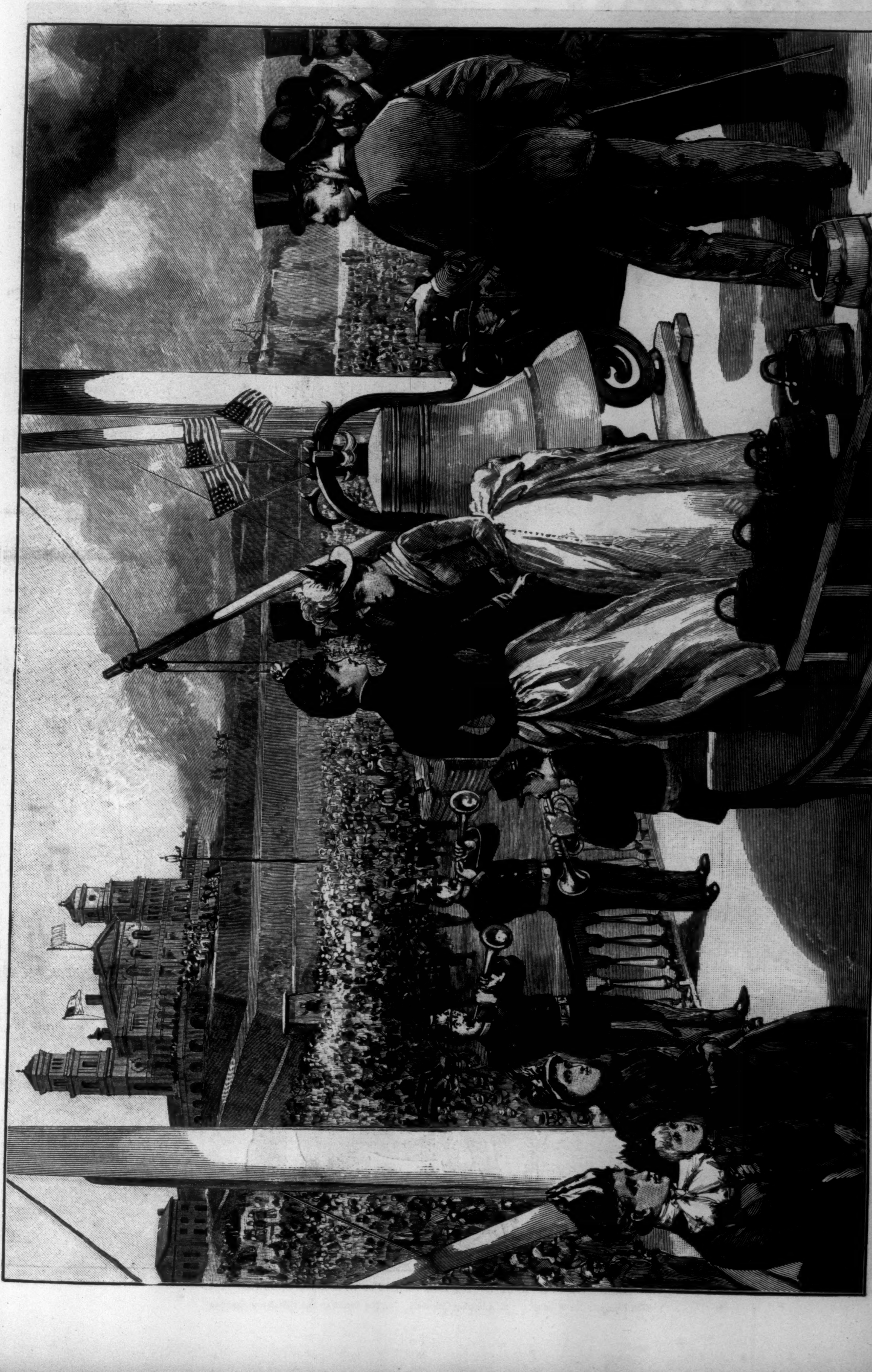


THE PRESIDENT'S CALL ON MRS. POLK AT NASHVILLE.—From a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.

VIEWING THE DEER AT BELLE MEAD.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.—[See Page 787.]

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION AT THE CAPITOL CITY CLUB, ATLANTA.—From a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 787.]



THE PRESIDENT'S WELCOME TO MEMPHIS.—From Sketches by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 787.]